





J. W. H. inv. et sculp. 1742.

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

In Ten Volumes Complete,

WITH HIS LAST
CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND
IMPROVEMENTS;

as they were delivered to the EDITOR a little before his
Death.

TOGETHER WITH THE
COMMENTARY AND NOTES.

OF
Mr. WARBURTON.



BERLIN,

Printed for FREDRICK NICOLAI Bookseller.

MDCCLXII.

1762
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found in the original MSS.

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COMMENTARY AND NOTES

OF

M. HARRINGTON



Staatl. Bibliothek
Regensburg

THE
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VOLUME I.
CONTAINING HIS
JUVENILE POEMS.



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Printed for FREDERICK NISCH, at Bookbinder's
in Pall-mall.

THE
BOOKSELLER'S
ADVERTISEMENT

on this new Edition.

English Literature having found these many years ago, so much lovers in Germany and the adjacent countries, I doubt not, the design i have form'd to print neat Pocket - Editions of the English Classical Writers, will be very acceptable to the learned world. I thought best, to begin my Task with the Edition of Mr. POPE'S Works, this Author being so universally esteemed by all those that have any taste of Poetry or Learning.

All care possible has been taken to have this Edition correct as well, as neat, and, I hope, with so good a success, that the Reader will find but very few faults, that are of any Consequence.

This Edition is more complet as the English Pocket - Editions, for it is printed on

Mr. **WARBURTON'S** Edition in Great Octavo:, and contains all his Notes and Commentaries. Yet in the English little Editions the Commentaries are left out.

If this first Commencement should not wholly displease to the lovers of English Literature. The Editions of the Works of **MILTON, ADDISON, THOMPSON, SHAKESPEARE, YOUNG, PRIOR, AKENSIDE**, and other classical English Writers shall follow immediatly the Edition of **Mr. POPE'S** Works, and shall be printed with the same neatness and correctness, adorned too with curious cuts done by the best hands.
Berlin, May 3th. 1762.





ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings^a; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public^b.

^a—“ I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all Mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candor of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious Reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, &c.” *Let. cxx. to Mr. W.*

^b—“ I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed as he hath written or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have

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In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works ; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subscription* ; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due Honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression ; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not make a secret. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impressions of several parts

“ not otherwise disposed of or alienated ; and as he
“ shall publish WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERA-
“ TIONS.” — *His Last Will and Testament.*

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of his Works, unfold ; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors ; and the Editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the best advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this Edition above all the preceding ; so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The FIRST Volume, and the original poems in the SECOND, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface : Which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile translations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But

IV ADVERTISEMENT.

these being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume, all but the *Essay on Man* (which, together with the *Essay on Criticism*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in Quarto, as a specimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the *Epistle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered: *that on the Characters of Women*, much enlarged; and the *Epistles on Riches and Taste* corrected and improved. To these advantages of the THIRD Volume, must be added a great number of fine verses taken from the Author's Manuscript-copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the Editor. These, when he first published the poems, to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the Manuscript-copy of the *Essay on Man*, which tended to discredit *fate*, and to recommend the *moral*

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government of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last Edition of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his Manuscript-copy of the other *Ethic Epistles*, are here inserted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two poems intituled, M DCC XXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epistles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to say, with the *Variations*, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The *Epilogue* to the *Satires* is likewise enriched with many and large notes now first printed from the Author's ow'n Manuscript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present, I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity so fine a poem

VI ADVERTISEMENT.

should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most *insignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rhymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raise and enoble it by pointing his Satire against the most *pernicious* of all, Minute-philosophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined, too, it was for the interests of Religion to have it known, that so great a Genius had a due abhorrence of these pests of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the same time, told me it would create him many Enemies. He was not mistaken. For tho' the terror of his pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury in numerous Coffee-house tales, and Grubstreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and defects of a fashionable EDUCATION naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the Edi-

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tor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be suspected of having the least glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM, and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the side of *moral Government* and a *revealed Will*. And it would be injustice to his memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The SIXTH Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose. Amongst the *Verse* several fine poems make now their first appearance in his Works. And of the *Prose*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes consist entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of *familiar Epistles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A.

VIII ADVERTISEMENT.

and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all here published from the Author's own printed, though not published, copies delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are these, That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the Public with his last corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verses are here first printed from the Manuscript copies of his principal poems of later date; That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the Public.

The Author's life deserves a just Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first Poets in the world is but

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his second praise. He was in a higher Class. He was one of the *noblest works of God*. He was an *honest Man*^a. A Man who alone possessed more real Virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes. In this history of his life, will be contained a large account of his *writings*; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his *genius*, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his *moral character* exemplified by his more distinguished virtues; his filial piety, his disinterested friendships, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his love and admiration of VIRTUE, and, (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of VICE, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed. It is not for the interests of his Virtues that they should.

^a “ A wit’s a feather, and a chief’s a rod,

“ An honest Man’s the noblest work of God.

X ADVERTISEMENT.

Nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were so minded, for they *shine* thro' his Virtues ; no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of Virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his Panegyrist but his Historian. And may I, when Envy and Calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for, while I live, I will freely, trust it to my *Life* to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of His ! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his DUNCES. So that as the property is transferred, I could wish they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is so sacred, that to throw dirt upon the Shrine scandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her best Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the same petulancy at their Funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet. The Public may be malicious : but is rarely vindictive or ungenerous. It would abhor these insults on a writer dead, tho' it had borne with

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the ribaldry , or even set the ribalds on work, when he was alive. And in this there was no great harm : for he must have a strange impotency of mind whom such miserable scriblers can ruffle. Of all that gross Beotian phalanx who have written scurrilously against me , I know not so much as one whom a writer of reputation would not wish to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be ashamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but slightly conversant in their works , and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my Authorship they are heartily welcome. But if any of them have been so abandoned by Truth as to attack my moral character in any instance whatsoever, to all and every one of these , and their abettors , I give the **LYE** in form, and in the words of honest Father Valerian, **MENTIRIS IMPUDENTISSIME.**



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P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in ge-

neral seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments ^a.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is illplaced; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be

^a In the former editions it was thus — *For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.* — But the Author altered, it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of

us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguish'd from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow

it : and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities ; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him : a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of : the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth ; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty

certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for Posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all

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P R E F A C E.

times ; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers : And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have serv'd myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies : But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live : One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together ; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which

I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses, without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this col-

lection which were not written under the age of five and twenty : so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a Memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuscript

Preface.

AFTER pag. V. l. 3. it followed thus— For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of ones self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet.)* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are amicæ

omnium horarum ; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss ; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct : besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At p. VII. l. II. In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living ; and that I omitted no means

in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me; if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.



On Mr. POPE and his *Poems*,

By His GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd;

Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,

And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port;

I little thought of launching forth agen,

Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen;

And after so much undeserv'd success,

Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,

Itself a Subject for satiric rhyme;

Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,

Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,

Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;

Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,

As the great ILLIAD, scarce could make me sing;



Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20
 One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
 Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,
 But a much greater to give Merit praise.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Pastorals*.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
 When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
 A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
 Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
 Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5
 Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.
 Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along
 So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
 Laboriously enervate they appear,
 And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10
 Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
 And are at best most musically dull:
 So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
 And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
 As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15
 The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
 But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
 Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:



Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25
Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.
Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dress
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35
Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long lost graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense 40
With Virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45

Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;



So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windsor-Forest*.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand: }
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the painted
bay.

Thy treasures next arriv'd: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows 20
The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
 With a new Windsor in her wat'ry plains;
 Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
 The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25
 Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests hear,
 When Philomela sits and warbles there,
 Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,
 And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
 A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you 30
 Can paint the grove, and add the Music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
 A new creation starts in ev'ry line.
 How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
 And make a doubtful scene of shade and light, 35 }
 And give at once the day, at once the night!
 And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
 In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
 And see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
 And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom: 40
 Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
 And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre,
 Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
 spire!

Thrice happy you! and worthy best to dwell 45
 Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
 I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
 Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme, }
 Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
 O joyless flood! O rough tempestuous main! 50
 Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!



Snatch me, ye Gods! from these *Atlantic* shores,
 And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs;
 Or to my much-lov'd *Isis'* walks convey,
 And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55
 Thence let me view the venerable scene,
 The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
 Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
 And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,
 Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Classic store, 60
 And made that Music which was noise before.
 There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,
 Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
 Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
 Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65
 The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,
 And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
 They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd
 That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.
 Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string: 70
 Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding
 strain,

I rise and wander thro' the field or plain;
 Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,
 Mark the stretch'd Line or hear the thund'ring gun.
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;
 His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.
 Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly



O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.
Oh could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90
The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames*! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,
The World should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide, 100
Murmur along their crooked banks a-while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle;
A-while distinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one:
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.



To Mr. P O P E.

TO praise, and still with just respect to praise
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour must the lines require?
What Music tune them, what Affection fire? 5

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest Ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well,
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream:
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20

Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art, 25
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits; 30



And fits in measures such as Virgil's Muse
 To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
 How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize?
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
 Thy Homes warms with all his ancient heat ;
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ; 54
 His language failing, wrapt him round with night ;
 Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
 So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
 Fed the large realms around with golden Ore.
 When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
 And shepherds only say, *The mines were here* : 60
 Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)



Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs! 65
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires.
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee. 80
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.



To Mr. P O P E.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 Or speaking marbles, to record their praise;
 And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
 The mimic Feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals; subject to death's total sway, 5
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which Worth alone can raise:
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust: 10
 Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die:
 Then sink together in the world's last fires,
 What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is
 fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,
 Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote; 20
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time in-
 vades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
 A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;



Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30

This you beheld; and, taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.

Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,

Tours o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns, 35
Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns;

With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores, 40

Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her
coasts,

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.

To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;

Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45

Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;

Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,

The gentle breezes breathe away and die.

Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,

You paint the vale, or gild the azure way; 50

And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,

Sink without groveling; without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,

Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing,

How long that Hero a), by unskilful hands, 55

Strip'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?

a) *Odyſſey*, lib. xvi.



Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
 Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:
 O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60
 Nor longer in his heavy eye ball shin'd
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
 Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
 With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muse's train,
 Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
 Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
 Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70
 So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
 Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
 Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
 To thine united — for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75
 While hov'ring angels listen on the wing.
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
 As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws: 80
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
 And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. B R O O M E.

To Mr. P O P E,
On the publishing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark, what shouts, what gath'ring crouds re-
joice!

Unstain'd their praise by any venal Voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.
And see the Chief! before him laurels born; 15
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:



¶ The GRACES these; and see how they contend, 25
 ¶ Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,
 The Pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
 Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,
 Its prospect an unbounded view commands: 30
 Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,
 What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse?
 Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
 Tho' ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 (From the proud Epic, down to those that shade 35
 The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
 Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,
 Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
 While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
 „Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies.,,

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. P O P E.

From Rome, 1730.

Immortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
 Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more;
 After so many stars extinct in night, 5
 The dark'ned ages last remaining light!



To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost: 10
From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincia rove:
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign, 20
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30
That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious Names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;



Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown; 40
 Those ballow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
 Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
 While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
 Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45
 Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise:
 Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
 These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
 When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
 To Pope this message from his Master bear: 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
 To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
 If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
 Near Me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
 "No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55
 "That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays;
 "In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
 "But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
 "Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine.
 "Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
 A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise.
 "To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast
 "That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
 Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65
 And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.
 Such was the Theme for which my lire I strung,
 Such was the People whose exploits I sung;
 Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,



Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway.

71

But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

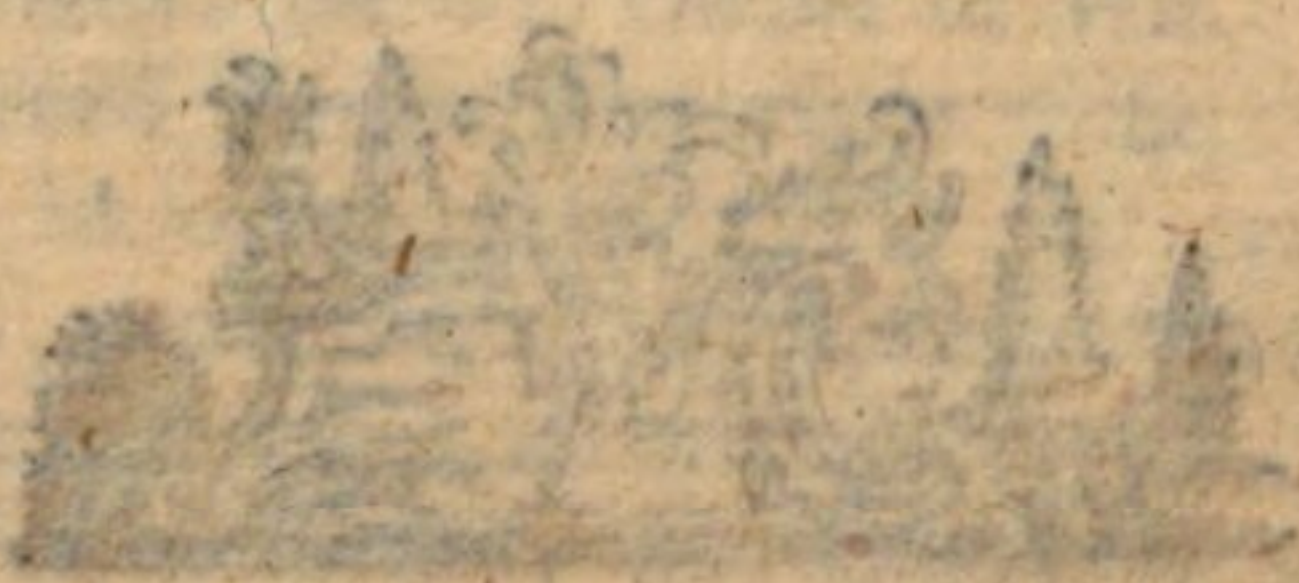
 If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTELTON.



Daughter's agonies of Tyranny's sway,
 But please, a cold and cruel day,
 If these commands are imperative thou receive,
 Immortal and undimmed thy name shall live;
 Ever to blacken to your hall name,
 And host with fortune in commencing time;
 A promise, I now shall concede thy day,
 And join the banner to the host's name.

GEORGE LYTTLETON



PASTORALS,

WITH

A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!

VIRG.

• VOL. I.

A

PASTORALS

WITH

A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

MINISTRY

AND
A
DISCOURSE ON
PASTORAL
MINISTRY

A

VOL. I



A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the World: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral* ^{b)}. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so

a) Written at sixteen years of age. b) Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both ^{d)}; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity ^{d)}, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

^{c)} Heinsius in Theocr.

^{d)} Rapin. de Carm. Past. p. 2.

ON PASTORAL POETRY. 5

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then tho have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short ^{e)}, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered ^{f)}. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn

^{e)} Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii.

^{f)} Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

6 A DISCOURSE

by inference ; lest by too much study to seem natural , we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful ; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries *g)*. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way ; but a regard must be had to the subject ; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety *h)*. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons , drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country ; by interrogations to things inanimate ; by beautiful digressions, but those short ; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances ; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing, imaginable.

g) Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals. *h)* See the forementioned Preface.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers ⁱ⁾ and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity: for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a

ⁱ⁾ ΘΕΠΙΕΤΑΙ, Idyl. 2. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to *k*). He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Amintha* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil *l*). Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the

k) Rapin *Refl. on Arist.* part. ii, *refl.* xxvii, — *Pref.* to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.* *l*) *Dedication to Virg. Ecl.*

same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Terrastick has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; tho, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description,

10 A DISCOURSE &c.

in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.





S P R I N G.
THE
FIRST PASTORAL,
OR
D A M O N.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;

NOTES.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then
past thro' the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville*
afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord
Hallifax, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All these
gave out Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr.
Walsh, whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Postscript to *Virgil*, calls the
best Critic of his age. "The Author (says he) seems to have
" a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a Judgment
" that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from
" the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs
" is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is
" not flattery at all to say that *Virgil* has written nothing so
" good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned."
Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705. The Lord *Lansdown* about the
same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed
Letter of the Character of Mr. *Wycherley*) "that if he goes on
" as he has begun in his Pastoral way, as *Virgil* first tried his

Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play, 5
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.

You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt! 10
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:

NOTES.

"Strength, we may hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the
"Roman," &c. Notwithſtanding the early time of their pro-
duction, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the
verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The
reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubt-
leſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from
a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that
of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both.
In a letter of his to Mr. *Walſh* about this time we find an enu-
meration of ſeveral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have
never been ſtrictly obſerved in any *Engliſh* poem, except in theſe
Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.

(Sir *William Trumbal*.) Our Author's friendſhip with this gentle-
man commenced at very unequal years; he was under ſixteen,
but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſign'd his employ-
ment of Secretary of State to King William.

VER. 12. *in your native ſhades*) Sir W. Trumbal was born in
Windsor-foreſt, to which he retired, after he had reſigned the
poſt of Secretary of State to King William III.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Prima Syracuſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,*

Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in
imitation of the ſixth of *Virgil*, which ſome have therefore not
improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the
beginnings of the other three Paſtorals he imitates expreſſly thoſe
which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind,
Spencer, Virgil, Theocritus.

So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
 But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15
 And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook of the nightly dew,
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
 Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 With joyous music wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

NOTES.

VER. 17. *etc.* The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retir'd,
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name) —
 Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays, —
 Thyrsis, the Music of that murmur'ing Spring, —
 are manifestly imitations of

— Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)

— Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.

— Ἀδὺ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἡ πίτυς, αἰκόλε, τήναι.

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rowling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35, 36.

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos. *Virg.*

VER. 38. (*The various seasons*.) The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

Et quis fuit alter,

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?

VER. 41. (*Then sing by turns*.) Literally from Virgil,

Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ:

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,

Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground ;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays !
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS,

O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes ; 50
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckens from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise ;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to gold.

NOTES.

VER. 46. *Granville* —) George Granville, afterwards Lord
Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he compos'd
very young, and propos'd Waller as his model.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 47. *A milk-white bull*) Virg. — *Pascite taurum,*
Qui cornu petat, & pedibus jam spargat arenam.

While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, etc. P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties show;
Then die; and dying teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song:
To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes* (imitation of Virgil,
Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

DAPHNIS,

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
 But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
 A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears: 86

VARIATIONS.

VER. 69, etc. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
 Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

NOTES.

VER. 86. (*A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*) An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. (*All nature mourns.*)

Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, etc.
 Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.

Virg.

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields: 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so
well! 96

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with twining branches shade your head.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lily yields,*) Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
Nascantur Flores, & Phyllida solus habeto.



S U M M E R.
 THE
 SECOND PASTORAL,
 OR
 A L E X I S.
 TO Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion shew,
 The Nāids wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition:

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads,

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

NOTES.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*)

Jupiter & æto descendet plurimus imbri.

Virg

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays; 10
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Ilis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

NOTES.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,*) Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.)*

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ

Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?

Nam neque Parnassii vobis juga, nam neque Pindi

Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virg. out of Theocr.

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
 I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30

Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
 Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care, 35
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer;
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death: 40

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
 And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
 But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
 I shun, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Colin*) The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again from de Cyclops of Theocritus,
 nuper me in litore vidi,
 Cum placidum ventis staret mare; non ego Daphnim,
 Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death; etc.*) Virg. Ecl. ii.
 Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
 Fistula, Damocetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
 Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.

He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r 45
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-withe turtles bring!
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*)

Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas --- Virg.

Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem

But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'ful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat, 86
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
 And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.)*

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures! *Virg.*

Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. Ye Gods! etc.)

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adfit amori? Idem.



A U T U M N.

THE
THIRD PASTORAL,
OR
HYLAS and ÆGON.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading Beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains, 11

NOTES.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil:
The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*) Mr. Wycherley, a famous
author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the
Plain-Dealer and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite
spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that
he had too much. However he was followed in the same way
by Mr. Congreve; tho' with a little more correctness.

Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
 When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37.

Aurea duræ

Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,

Pinguis corticibus sudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 43. etc.)

Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restringere rivo. Ecl. v.

VER. 52. An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt? Id. viii.

Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies; 60
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey —
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love! 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forfake mankind, and all the world—but love!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes)*

Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat agnos.

I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed. 90
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th'approach of night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum, etc.



IMITATIONS.

W I N T E R.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

NOTES.

Mrs. Tempest.) This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walfh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. „Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine „on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to „give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same „lady.“ Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*)
'Αδύ τί, etc. Theocr. Idyl. i.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 Thee moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, „Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!“
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown, 25

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*)

Audist Eurotas, jussitque ediscere laures. *Virg.*

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras —

Et tumultum facite, et tumulto superaddite carmen.

Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

„Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,

„Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!

Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,

See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,

Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

Ah what avail the beauties nature wore! 35

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more;

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,

The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,

The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,

In notes more sad than when they sing their own;

In hallow'd caves sweet Echo silent lies, 40

Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,

Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies, 45

Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,

Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.

The balmy Zephirs, silent since her death,

Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50

Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!

Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;

Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
 Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
 Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
 Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
 In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70, miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusque videt nubes & sydera Daphnis. *Virg.*

Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
 To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
 If taming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
 While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
 Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew; 85
 Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
 Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
 Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
 Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
 Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves; 90
 Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
 Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
 Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

NOTES.

VER. 89, etc.) These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81. *illius aram*
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg.

VER. 86. *solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,*
Juniperi gravis umbra. Virg.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*
Omnia vincit amor, & nos cedamus amori.

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. & Spenser's Calendar.

M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pellio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
 Th' Ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move, 11
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove,
 Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, 15
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn! 21
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See ^e lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. v 14. „Behold a Virgin shall conceive
 „and bear a Son. — Chap. ix. v 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born,
 „unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase
 „of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end:
 „Upon the throne of *David*, and upon his kingdom, to order
 „and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever
 „and ever,

VER. 23. *See nature hastes, etc.*)

VIRG. E. iv. v 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent eunabula flores.

„For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled,
 „produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*, and
 „*Colocasia* with smiling *Acanthus*, Thy cradle shall pour forth plea-
 „sing flowers about thee,

^b Ch. xlv. v 8. ^c Ch. xxv. v 4. ^d Ch. ix. v 7. ^e Ch. xxxv. v 2.

See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert hears;
 Prepare the *f* way! a God, a God appears: 30
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay; 35

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v 1. „The wilderness and the solitary
 „place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as
 „the rose.“ Ch. ix. v 13. „The glory of *Lebanon* shall come unto
 „thee, the fir-tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the
 „place of thy sanctuary.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad Voice, etc.)*

VIRG. E. iv. v 46.

Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum —
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca! E. v. v 62.

„Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws
 „nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of *Jove*!
 „The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the
 „very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a
 „God!

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. v. 3, 4. „The voice of him that cryeth
 „in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make strait
 „in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be
 „exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and
 „the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain.“
 Ch. iv. v 23. „Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest,
 „and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed *Israel*.

f Ch. xi. v 3. 4.

Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear & him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In ^b adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ⁱ shepherds tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55
 The promis'd ^k father of the future age.
 No more ^l shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ^m Son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65

^g Ch. xlii. v 18. ^h Ch. xxxv. v 5, 6. ⁱ Ch. xxv. 8.
^j Ch. xl. v 11. ^k Ch. ix. v 6. ^l Ch. ii. v 4. ^m Ch. lxxv.
 v 21, 22.

And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren * deserts with surprize
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy o valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed, 75
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.
 The p lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*) Virg. E. iv. v 28.

Molli paulatim flavesceat campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt rosida mella.

„The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red
 „grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 „shall distill honey like dew.

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v 7. „The parched ground shall beco-
 „me a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habi-
 „tations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes.“
 Ch. lv. v 13. „Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree,
 „and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*) Virg. E. iv. v 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet. —

„The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 „milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The
 „serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.

„ Ch. xxxv. v 1, 7. o Ch. xli. v 19. and Ch. lv. v 13.
 p Ch. xi. v 6, 7, 8.

And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead!
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ^q serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ^r Salem, rise! 85
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See, a long ^s race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90
 See barb'rous ^t nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ^v Sabæan springs!

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. v 16, etc. „The wolf shall dwell with the
 „lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf,
 „and the young lion and the fawning together: and a little child shall
 „lead them — And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And
 „the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the
 „weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*
 The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem,
 are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclama-
 tions of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

— toto surget gens aurea mundo!

— incipient magni procedere menses!

— Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo! etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

^q Ch. lxxv. v 25.

^r Ch. lx. v 1.

^s Ch. ix. v. 4.

^t Ch. lx. v 3.

^v Ch. lx. v 6.

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95
And seeds of gold in Orphir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising ^w Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn; 100
But lost dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ^x seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

^w Ch. lx. v 19, 20.^x Ch. li. v 6. and Ch. liv. v 10.

For the sun's fiery bow,
And the gold in Orpheus' mountain glow,
See heaven's sparkling waters wide display,
And break upon the shore of day,
No more the rising sun
Nor evening Cynthia till her light
The last of day in the superior rays,
One like the story, one unclouded blaze,
O'er the world's course: the last of day shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The world is a waste, the time is smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed in word, his lasting power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy Messias reigns!

Ch. ii. v. 6. and Ch. iii. v. 10.





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*Kauke fec.*

*My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains
Laments the green Forests et the flowry Plains.
Windsor Forest.*

WINDSOR - FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

WILSON - FORT ST.

of the King's Household

GEORGE LORD J. INSDOWN

New York, 1840. 1 vol. 8vo.

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Price

WINDSOR - FOREST.

Tho the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
 Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
 Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
 GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses bring!
 What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing! 6
 The Groves of Eden vanish'd now so long,
 Live in description, and look green in song:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. Originally thus,

Chaste goddess of the woods,
 Nymphs of the vales, and Nais of the floods,
 Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
 Unlock your springs —

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6.

neget quis carmina Gallo?

Virg.

These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 Here earth and water seem to strive again;
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
 Where order in variety we see, 15
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
 And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'nin' glades,
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
 Here in full light the russet plains extend:
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend,
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
 While thro' fresh fields th'enliv'ning odours breathe,
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
 Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves,) 50
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

VER. 57, etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *savage laws*) The Forest Laws.

VOL. I.

D

Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
 Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,
 But while the subject starv'd the beast was fed. 60
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game. 64
 The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,
 Th' Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod, 75
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill etc.)
 The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common
 in England at the time of the Conqueror.

NOTES.

VER. 65. (*The fields are ravish'd etc.*) Alluding to the de-
 struction made in the New Forest, and the Tyrannies exercised
 there by William I.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, From
 men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:*) Translated from
 Templâ adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,
 an old monkish writer, I forget who.

But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
 Lo Rufus, rugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise,
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain.
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
 Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
 Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

NOTES.

VER. 80. *himself deny'd a grave!*) The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a Gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb: so that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obsequies.

VER. 81. *second hope.*) Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.* Virg.

When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110
 See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115

VARIATIONS.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds a),
 The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields,
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

a) Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions:

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115.

nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis insula texit. Virg.

His purple crest, and scarlet-circlet eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) 124

With slaughter-ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade, 135
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. *Præcipites altâ vitam sub nube relinquunt.* Virg.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154
 See the bold youth strain up the treath'ning steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;

NOTES.

VER. 162. Queen ANNE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser, etc.*) Translated from Statius.

Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille

Ante fugam, absentemque ferit ungula gravis campum.

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says „they „would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure to translate them, „there is so much of beauty in the original; „which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back.*) He has improved his original,
 terræque urbesque recedunt. Virg.

Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
 And Cynthus' top forlook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone. 176

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd, 180
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

Nec posita variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,
 Vittæ coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 183, 186.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. Ovid.

56 WINDSOR - FOREST.

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run, 191
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid, 195
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 „Ah Cynthia! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,
 „Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 „My native shades — there weep, and murmur there.
 She said, and melting as in tears she lay, 201
 In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.
 The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore, 205
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before,
 In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies

NOTES.

VER. 205. *Still bears the name*) The River Loddon.

VER. 209. *Oft in her glass, etc.*) These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 191, 194.

Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam
 Ante pedes umbram : nisi si timor illa videbat.
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar ; et ingens
 Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods, 211
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams.
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
 Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear, 220
 Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
 A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays, 225
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below; 230
 Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
 His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,
 But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
 Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
 But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

VER. 231. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,
 To change Olympus, etc.

58 WINDSOR - FOREST.

Happy next him, who to these shades retires, 235
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields: 240
 With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end; 250
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home!
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd, 255
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.
 Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 265. It stood thus in the MS.
 Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 249, 250. Servare modum finemque tenere,
 Naturamque sequi. *Lucr.*
 VER. 259. O qui me gelidis, etc. *Virg.*

The bow'ry mazes, and furrounding greens: 260
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, 265
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like Poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S
 tongue. 270

O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre,
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice, 275
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY
 strung

His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!

VARIATIONS.

With transport visit each inspiring shade
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

VER. 273.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!
 His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

NOTES.

VER. 270. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster.

60 WINDSOR - FOREST.

Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings! 280
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise, 285
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble SURREY felt the fared rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age: 290
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, 295
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 288. *her silver star.*) All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
 Plaints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;
 Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains

NOTES.

VER. 289. *Here noble Surrey*) Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII.

Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page, 301
 Stretch his long triumphs 'down thro' ev'ry age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall, 305
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps;
 Whom not th'extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th'oppressor and th'opprest! 316

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)
 Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
 And mould'ring into dust drops the proud stone.

VER. 319. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst! oh sacrilegious brood,
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed!
 Gods! what new wounds, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 301. *Edward's acts*) Edward III. born here.

VER. 309. *Henry mourn,*) Henry VI.

VER. 312. *Once-fear'd Edward sleeps:*) Edward IV.

Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have
bled? 320

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars, 324
At length great ANNA said — „Let Discord cease!“,
She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace! 328

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His tresses drop'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam: 330
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood, 335
Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd; 339

VARIATIONS.

VER. 325. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;
Let there be peace — she said, and all was Peace.

Between Verse 328 and 329, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.

He saw, and gently rose above the stream;

His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:

With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,

The tributes of the distant East and West.

The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears;
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood; 345
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes 349
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall die with British blood. 365

VARIATIONS.

VER. 261. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

64 WINDSOR - FOREST.

Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The shady empire shall retain no trace
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; 370
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side,
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase, 375
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
 I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,
 The World's great Oracle in times to come: 380
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
 Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display, 385
 To the bright regions of the rising day;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 383, etc, were originally thus:

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display
 To the rich regions of the rising day,
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan [steeps
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic [deeps:
 Tempt icy seas, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 376. *And Temples rise,*) The fifty new Churches.

Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! 390
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold, 394
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold, 399
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old,
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
 'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more; 406
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves

NOTES.

VER. 388. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole.*)

The Poet is here recommending the advantages of commerce, and therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not represented in a forbidding manner: as again,

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,

Let by new stars, and borne by spicy gales.

But in the Dunciad, where the *mischief of Dulness* is described, they are painted in all their inclemencies,

See round the Poles, where keener spangles shine,

Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,

VER. 396. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*) A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT,

66 WINDSOR - FOREST.

Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable loves,
 Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold, 410
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light;
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains, 425
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
 Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
 And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430
 Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421. Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax.

Referre sermones Deorum et

Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Nor.



O D E
ON
ST. CECILIA'S DAY.
MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER
PIECES for MUSIC.

THE NEW YORK

STREET

MUSIC

AND

OTHER

PIECES

FOR

MUSIC

AND

OTHER

PIECES

FOR

MUSIC

AND

OTHER

PIECES

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
 The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre!
 In a sadly-pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:
 Let the loud trumpet sound

NOTES.

Ode for Music.) This is one of the most artful as well as sublime of our Poet's smaller compositions. The *first* stanza expresses the various tones and measures in music. The *second* describes their power over the several passions in general. The *third* explains their use in inspiring the Heroic passions in particular. The *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth*, their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell; which subject of illustration arose naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argonautic expedition, where Orpheus gives the example of the use of Music to inspire the heroic passions. The *seventh* and last conclude in praise of Music, and the advantages of the sacred above the prophane.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet sound, &c.*) Our Author in his rules for good writing had said, that *the sound should be an echo to the sense*. The graces it adds to the harmony are obvious. But we should never have seen all the advantages arising from this rule, had this ode not been written. In which, one may venture to say, is found all the harmony that poetic sound, when it comes in aid of sense, is capable of producing.

'Till the roofs all! around
 The shrill echoes rebound:
 While in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear;
 Now louder, and yet louder rise
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
 'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away, 20
 In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms.
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!

So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.

Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charm:
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led,
 To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts! 55

Dreadful gleams,
 Disfmal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans, 60
 Hollow groans

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their head.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 70
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life: 80
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair. 85
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her 90
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love. 95

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone, 100

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost.

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies furrounded, 105

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries —

Ah see, he dies! 111

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods, 115

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charin,

And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease, 120

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound. 125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.





TWO
C H O R U S ' S

TO THE

Tragedy of BRUTUS^{a)}.

C H O R U S. of A T H E N I A N S.

S T R O P H E I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,

NOTES.

THESE two Chorus's were composed to enrich a very poor Play; but they had the usual effect of ill-adjusted ornaments, only to make its meanness the more conspicuous.

a) Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were composed to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

VER. 3. *Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd, And Epicurus, lay inspir'd!*) The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that Brutus, one of the Heroes of this Play, was of the old Academy; and Cassius, the other, was an Epicurean; but this had not been enough to justify the Poet's choice, had not Plato's system of Divinity, and Epicurus's system of Morals, been the most rational amongst the various sects of Greek Philosophy.

And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
 In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5
 Unspotted long with human blood.
 War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
 And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart; 10
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
 Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
 To what new clime, what distant sky,
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

S T R O P H E II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20
 See Arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Moral truth AND mystic song.*) He had expressed himself better had he said.

„Moral truth IN mystic song!

In the Antistrophe he turns from *Philosophy* to *Mythology*, and *Mythology* is nothing but *moral truth in mystic song*.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball! 25

Freedom and Arts together fall;

Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,

And men, once ignorant, are slaves.

Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,

In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30

Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,

Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.



C H O R U S

of

Y O U T H S and V I R G I N S.

S E M I C H O R U S.

OH Tyrant Love! hast thou posselt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,

And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,

5

But entering learns to be sincere.

Marcus with blushes owns he loves,

And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire

Which Nature has imprest?

10

Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire

The mild and gen'rous breast?

C H O R U S.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;

The Gods and Brutus bend to love;

Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,

15

And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

What is loose love? a transient gust,

Spent in a sudden storm of lust,

A vapour fed from wild desire,

A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.

20

N O T E S.

VER. 9. *Why Virtue, etc.*) In allusion to that famous conceit of Guarini,

„Se il peccare è sì dolce, etc.

"But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
 "And burn for ever one;
 "Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 "Productive as the Sun.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Oh source of ev'ry social tye,
 United wish, and mutual joy!
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
 Whether his hoary fire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise; 30
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
 Or views his smiling progeny;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move?
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36

C H O R U S.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;
 Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40
 "Purest love's unvaluing treasure,
 "Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 "Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
 "Sacred Hymen! these are thine. a)

a) These two Chorus's are enough to shew us his great talents for this species of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalk'd out; but the character of the Managers of Playhouses was what (he said) soon determined him to lay aside all thoughts of that nature.

O D E

on

S O L I T U D E ^{a)}.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away: 10
 In bealth of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by- night; study and ease,
 Together mixt; sweet recreation:
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone,
 Tell where I lie. 20

^{a)} This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.



The dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E ^a).

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame:

Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:

Trembling, hoping, lin'ring, flyng,

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond Nature' cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,

Sister Spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?

Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!

Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy Victory;

O Death! where is thy Sting?

NOTES.

a) This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul; but as much superior to his original in sense and sublimity, as the *Christian* Religion is to the *Pagan*.

The dying Christian to his soul.

O. B. E.

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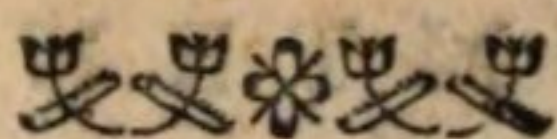
the on a night's flight in the morning.

AN
E S S A Y
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year MDCCIX.

CHRISTIANITY
AND
THE
FUTURE

BY
J. H. M. J. M. J. M.



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88 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
 In Poets as true genius is but rare,

not attending to the considerations offered above, was what, perhaps, misled a very candid writer, after having given this Piece all the praises on the side of genius and poetry which his true taste could not refuse it, to say, that *the observations follow one another like these in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer.* Spec. No. 235. I do not see how *method* can hurt any one grace of Poetry; or what prerogative there is in verse to dispense with *regularity*. The remark is false in every part of it. Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, the Reader will soon see, is a regular piece: And a very learned Critic has lately shewn, that *Horace* had the same attention to method in his *Art of Poetry*.

VER. 1. 'Tis hard to say, &c.) The Poem opens (from v. 1. to 9.) with shewing the use and seasonableness of the subject. Its *use*, from the greater mischief in wrong Criticism than in ill Poetry, this only tiring, that misleading the reader: Its *seasonableness* from the growing number of false Critics, which now vastly exceeds that of bad Poets.

VER. 9. 'Tis with our judgments etc.) The author having shewn us the expediency of his subject, the *Art of Criticism*, next inquires (from v. 8. to 15.) into the proper *Qualities* of a *true Critic*: and observes first, that JUDGMENT, simply and alone, is not sufficient to constitute this character, because *Judgment*, like the *artificial measures of Time*, goes different, and yet each relies upon his own. The reason is conclusive; and the similitude extremely just. For *Judgment*, when alone, is allways regulated, or at least much influenced by custom, fashion and habit; and never certain and constant but when founded upon TASTE: which is the same in the *Critic*, as GENIUS in the *Poet*: both are derived from Heaven, and like the sun (the *natural measure of Time*) allways constant and equal.

True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,

15

Nor need we wonder, that Judgment alone will not make a Critic in poetry, when we shall find, that *Genius* and *Taste* are but one and the same faculty, differently exerting itself under different names, in the two professions of *Poet* and *Critic*. For the Art of Poetry consists in *selecting*, out of all those images which present themselves to the fancy, such of them as are truly poetical: And the Art of Criticism in discerning, and fully relishing what it finds so selected. 'Tis the same operation of the mind in both cases and exerted by the same faculty. As the difference is, that in the Poet his faculty is eminently joined with a *bright imagination*, and *extensive comprehension*, which provide stores for the selection, and can form that selection, by proportioned parts, into a regular whole: In the Critic, with a *solid judgment* and *accurate discernment*; which penetrate into the causes of an excellence, and can shew that excellence in all its variety of lights *Longinus* had taste in an eminent degree; so this, which is indeed common to all true Critics, our Author makes his distinguishing character,

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,

And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others, etc.*) But it is not enough that the Critic hath these *natural endowments* to entitle him to exercise his Art, he ought, as our author shews us (tom v. 14. to 19,) to give a further test of his qualification, by some *acquired talents*: And this on two accounts: 1. Because the office of a Critic is an exercise of Authority. 2. Because he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the person judged hath. Therefore some test is reasonable; and the best and most unexceptionable is his having written well himself, an approved remedy against *Critical partiality*; and the surest means of so maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what Longinus calls "the last and most perfect fruits of much study and experience." Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΦΙ ΠΕΙΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ.

And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
 But as the flightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, etc.*) But having been so free with this fundamental quality of Criticism, *Judgment*, as to charge it with *inconstancy* and *partiality*, and to be often warped by *custom* and *affection*; that this may not be mistaken, he next explains (from v. 18. to 36.) the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents occasioning those miscarriages before objected to it. He owns, that the *seeds* of *Judgment* are indeed sown in the minds of most men, but by ill culture, as it springs up, it generally runs wild: either on the one hand, by *false knowledge*, which pedants call *Philology*; or by *false reasoning*, which Philosophers call *School-learning*: Or on the other, by *false wit*, which is not regulated by *sense*; or by *false politeness*, which is solely regulated by the *fashion*. Both these sorts, who have their Judgments thus doubly depraved, the poet observes, are naturally turned to censure and reprehension; only with this difference, that the *Dunce* always affects to be on the *reasoning*, and the *Fool* on the *laughing* side. — And thus, at the same time, our author proves the truth of his introductory observation, that the *number of bad Critics is vastly superior to that of bad Poets*.

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Let such reach others.*) "Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.,," *Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv.* "De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi arti ex, judicare non potest.,," *Pliny.*

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds.*) "Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta & prava dijudicant.,," *Cic. de Orat. lib. iii.*

So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write,
 Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

VARIATIONS.

Between v. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
 Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
 Draw off the sense we have to pour in new;
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 36. *Some have at first for Wits, etc.*) The Poets having enumerated, in this account of the nature of Judgment and its various depravations, the several sorts of *bad Critics*, and ranked them into two general Classes; as the first sort, namely the men spoiled by *false learning*, are but few in comparison of the other, and likewise come less within his main view (which is *poetical Criticism*) but keep groveling at the bottom amongst *words and letters*, he thought it here sufficient just to have mentioned them, proposing to do them right here after. But the men spoiled by false taste are innumerable; and these are his proper concern: He

NOTES.

VER. 25. *So by false learning.*) "Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina., Quint.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle, 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,

COMMENTARY.

therefore, (from v. 35. to 46.) sub-divides them again into the two classes of the volatile and heavy: He describes in few words the quick progress of the one thro' *Criticism*, from false wit to plain folly, where they end; and the fixed station of the other between the confines of both; who under the name of *Wittlings* have neither end nor measure. A kind of half formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulness*, like those on the banks of Nile, from heat and mud.

VER. 46. *But you who seek, etc.*) Our Author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, use, and abuse of *Criticism*, in a figurative description of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the Art. The first of which, from v 47 to 68. is, that he who sets up for a Critic should previously examine his own strength, and see how far he is qualified for the exercise of his profession. He puts him in a way to make this discovery, in that admirable direction given v 51.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Their generation's so equivocal:*) It is sufficient that a principle of philosophy has been generally received, whether it be true or false, to justify a poet's use of it to set off his wit. But to recommend his *argument* he should be cautious how he uses any but the true. For falsehood, when it is set too near, will tarnish the truth he would recommend. Besides the analogy between natural and moral truth makes the principles of true Philosophy the fittest for his use. Our Poet has been careful in observing this rule.

Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
 Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55

COMMENTARY.

AND MARK THAT POINT WHERE SENSE AND
 DULNES MEET.

He had shewn above, that *Judgment*, without *Taste* or *Genius*, is equally incapable of making a Critic or a Poet: In whatsoever subject then the Critic's, *Taste* no longer accompanies his *Judgment*, there he may be assured he is going out of his depth. This our Author finely calls,

that point where sense and dulness meet.

And immediately adds the REASON of his precept; the Author of Nature having so constituted the mental faculties, that one of them can never excel but at the expence of another. From this state and ordination of the mental faculties, and the influence and effects they have one on another, our Poet draws this CONSEQUENCE, that no one genius can excell in more than one Art of Science. The *consequence* shews the *necessity* of the precept, just as the *premises*, from which the consequence is drawn, shew the *reasonableness* of it.

NOTES.

VER. 51. *And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.* Besides the *peculiar* sense explained above in the comment, the words have still a more *general* meaning, and caution us against going on, when our Ideas begin to grow obscure: as we are apt to do, tho' that obscurity is a monition that we should leave off; for it arises either thro' our small acquaintance with the subject, or the incomprehensibility of its nature. In which circumstances a genius will always write as heavily as a dunce. An observation well worth the attention of all profound writers.

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 "One science only will one genius fit; 60
 "So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts,
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more: 65
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

NOTES.

VER. 56 to 60. These observations are collected from an intimate knowledge of human nature. The cause of that languor and heaviness in the *understanding*, which is almost inseparable from a very strong and tenacious *memory*, seems to be a want of the proper exercise and activity of that power; the understanding being rather passive, while the memory is cultivating. As to the other appearance, the decay of memory by the vigorous exercise of *Fancy*, the poet himself seems to have intimated the cause of in the epithet he has given to the imagination. For if, according to the Atomic Philosophy, the memory of things be preserved in a chain of ideas, produced by the animal spirits moving in continued trains; the force and rapidity of the imagination perpetually breaking and dissipating the links of this chain by forming new associations, must necessarily weaken and disorder the recollective faculty.

VER. 67. *Would all but stoop to what they understand.*) The expression is delicate, and implies what is very true, that most men think it a degradation of their genius to employ it in cultivating what lies level to their comprehension, but had rather exercise their talents in the ambition of subduing what is placed above it.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 68. *First follow nature etc.*) The Critic observing the directions here given, and finding himself qualified for his office, is shewn next *how* to exercise it. And as he was to attend to Nature for a *Call*, so he is first and principally to follow her when *called*. And here again in this, as in the foregoing precept, the poet (from v 67 to 88) shews both the *fitness* and the *necessity* of it. It's *fitness*. 1. Because Nature is the *source* of poetic Art; that Art being only a representation of Nature, who is its great exemplar and original. 2. Because nature is the *end* of Art; the design of poetry being to convey the knowledge of Nature in the most agreeable manner. 3. Because Nature is the *test* of Art, as she is unerring, constant, and still the same. Hence the poet observes, that as Nature is the *source*, she conveys *life* to Art: As she is the *end*, she conveys *force* to it, for the *force* of any thing arises from its being directed to its *end*: And, as she is the *test*, she conveys *beauty* to it, for every thing acquires *beauty* by its being reduced to its true *standard*. Such is the sense of those two important lines,

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,

At once the source, and end, and test of Art,

We come next to the *necessity* of the precept. The two great constituent qualities of a *Composition*, as such, are *Art* and *Wit*: But neither of these attains perfection, 'till the first be *hid*, and the other judiciously *restrained*; this only happens when Nature is exactly followed; for then Art never makes a parade, nor can Wit commit an extravagance. Art, while it *adheres* to Nature, and has so large a *fund* in the resources which Nature supplies, disposes every thing with so much *ease* and *simplicity*, that we see nothing but those natural images it works with, while itself stands unobserv'd behind: But when Art *leaves* Nature, misled either by the bold sallies of fancy, or the quaint odnesses of fashion, she is then obliged at every step to come forward, in a painful or pompous ostentation, in order to cover, to soften, or to regulate the shocking disproportion of *unnatural* images. In the *first* case, the poet compares Art to the soul within, informing a beauteous Body; but, in the *last*, it is rather like an outward habit, fitted

„Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
 „One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 „Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 „At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides;
 Works without show, and without pomp presides:
 In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgement often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

COMMENTARY.

only to hide the defects of a mis-shapen 'one. — As to *Wit*, it might perhaps be imagined that this needed only *Judgment* to govern it: But, as he well observes.

Wit and *Judgment* often are at strife,

Tho' meant each other's aid, like Man and Wife,

They want there fore some friendly Mediator or Reconciler, which is *Nature*: And in attending to her, *Judgment* will learn where to comply with the charms of *Wit*, and *Wit* how to obey the sage directions of *Judgment*.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 88. *Those rules of old, etc.*) Having thus in his first precept, to follow Nature, settled Criticism on its true bottom; he proceeds to shew what assistance may be had from Art. But lest this should be thought to draw the Critic from the foundation where he had before fixed him, he previously observes (from v 87 to 92.) that these Rules of Art, which he is now about to recommend to his study, were not invented by the mind, but discovered in the book of Nature; and that, therefore, tho' they may seem to restrain Nature by Laws, yet, as they are Laws of her own making, the Critic is still properly in the very liberty of Nature. These Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets, who received them immediately from Nature,

Just precepts thus from great Examples giv'n
These drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n;
and are both therefore to be well studied.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece, etc.*) He speaks of the ancient Critics first, and with great judgment, as the previous knowledge of them is necessary for reading the Poets, with that fruit

NOTES.

VER. 88. *Those Rules of old, etc.*) Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into arts. — "Nihil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit. — Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus, ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assument, quæ rem dissolutam divulsamque conglutinarer, et ratione quædam contringeret." *De Orat.* l. i. c. 41, 2.

High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise

COMMENTARY.

which the intent here proposed requires. But having, in the previous observation, sufficiently explained the *nature* of ancient Criticism, he enters on the subject (treated of from v 91 to 118.) with [a sublime description of its *End*; which was to illustrate the beauties of the best Writers, in order to excite others to an emulation of their excellence. From the rapture which these Ideas inspire, the poet is naturally brought back to reflect on the degeneracy of modern Criticism: And as the restoring the Art to its original integrity and splendor is the great purpose of his poem, he first takes notice of those, who seem not to understand that *Nature* is exhaustless, that *new models* of good writing may be produced in every age, and consequently *new rules* may be formed from these models in the same manner as the old Critics formed theirs, from the writings of the ancient Poets: but men wanting art and ability to form these *new rules*, were content to receive, and file up for use, the *old oxes* of *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, etc. with the same vanity and boldness that Apothecaries practise with their Doctors bills: And then rashly applying them to *new Originals* (cases which they did not hit) it was no more in their power than their inclination to imitate the candid practice of the *Ancients*, when

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
 And taught the world with Reason to admire.

For, as *Ignorance*, when joined with *Humility* produces stupid admiration, on which account it is so commonly observed to be the *mother of Devotion* and blind homage; so when joined with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuse and slander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late worthless and now forgotten thing, called the *Life of Socrates*. Where the head of the Author (as a man of wit observed, on reading the book) has just made a shift to do the office of a *Camera obscura*, and represent thing; in an inverted order; himself *above*, and *Sprat*, *Rollin*, *Voltaire*, and every other of reputation, *below*.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with Reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following wits from that intention stray'd, 104
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'Poethecaries, taught the art
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,

NOTES.

VER. 98. *Just precepts*) "Nec enim artibus editis factum est
 „ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præci-
 „perentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt."
 Quintil. P.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves — Some drily plain.*) The first,
 the *Apes* of those *Italian* Critics, who at the restoration of letters
 having found the classic writers miserably mangled by the hands
 of monkish Librarians, very commendably employed their pains
 and talents in restoring them to their native purity. The second,
 the *plagiaries* from the *French*, who had made some admirable
 Commentaries on the ancient critics. But that *acumen* and *taste*,
 which separately constitute the distinct value of those two species
 of foreign Criticism, make no part of the character of these paltry
 mimics at home, described by our Poet in the following lines,

These leave the sense, their learning to display,

And those explain the meaning quite away.

Which species is the least hurtful, the Poet has enabled us to de-
 termine in the lines with which he opens his poem,

But of the two less dang'rous is th'offence

To tire our patience than mislead our sense.

Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 steer,
 Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whose judgment, etc.*) He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature. And shews (from v 117 to 141.) that the study of These must indispensably follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furnish us with what the Critics, who only give us *general rules*, cannot supply: while the study of a great original Poet in

His Fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page

Religion, Country, genius of his Age;

will help us to those *particular rules*, which only can conduct us safely through every considerable work we undertake to examine; and without which, we may cavil indeed, as the poet truly observes, but can never *criticize*. We might as well suppose that Vitruvius's book alone would make a perfect Judge of Architecture, without the knowledge of some great master-piece of science, such as the Rotonda at Rome, or the Temple of Minerva at Athens; as that Aristoteles should make a *perfect Judge of wit*, without the study of Homer and Virgil. These therefore he principally recommends to complete the Critic in his Art. But as the latter of these Poets has, by superficial judges, been considered rather as a copyer of Homer, than an original, our Author obviates that common error, and shews it to have arisen (as often error does) from a truth, *viz* that *Homer and Nature were the same*; and how that the ambitious young Poet, though he scorned to stoop at any thing short of Nature, when he came to understand this great truth, had the prudence to contemplate Nature in the

NOTES.

From whence we conclude, that the reverend Mr. Upton was much more innocently employed, when he quibbled upon Epictetus, than when he commented upon Shakespear.

His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*) The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a Name
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
 The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. P.

VER. 130.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,

COMMENTARY.

place where she was seen to most advantage, collected in all her charms in the clear mirror of Homer. Hence it would follow, that, though Virgil studied Nature, yet the *vulgar* reader would believe him to be a copier of Homer; and though he copied Homer, yet the *judicious* reader would see him to be an imitator of Nature: the finest praise which any one, who came after Homer, could receive.

NOTES.

VER. 130. *When first young Maro, etc.*) Virg. Eclog. vi.
 Cum canerem reges & prælia, Cynthus aurem
 Vellit.

Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same. 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design:
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
 Learn hence for antient rules a just esteem;
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care,
 Music resembles Poetry, in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, etc.)*
 Our Author, in these two general precepts for studying *Nature*
 and her *Commentators*, having considered Poetry as it is, or may
 be reduced to *Rule*; lest this should be mistaken as sufficient to
 attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds
 (from v. 140 to 201.) to point up to those *sublimier beauties*,
 which *Rules* will never reach, that is, enable us either to *execute*
 or *taste*: and which rise so high above all precepts as not even
 to be *described* by it; but being entirely the gift of Heaven, Art
 and Reason have no further share in their production than just to
 moderate their operations. These *sublimities* of Poetry, like the
Mysteries of Religion (some of which are above Reason, and so-
 me contrary to it) may be divided into *two sorts*, such as are
above Rules, and such as are *above Rules*, and such as are *contrary*
 to them.

NOTES.

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with wri-
 ting a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found
 above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural
 subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky Licence answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150

COMMENTARY.

VER. 146. *If where the rules, etc.*) The first sort our author describes from v 145 to 158. and shews, that where a great beauty is in the *Poet's* view which no stated *Rules* will direct him how to reach, there, as the purpose of rules is only to promote an end like this, a lucky *Licence* will supply the want of them: nor can the *Critic* fairly object to it, since this *Licence*, for the reason given above, has the proper force and authority of a *Rule*.

NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*) „Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse ple- rumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur. *Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13. P.*

VER. 150. *Thus Pegasus, etc.*) We have observed how the precepts for *writing* and *judging* are interwoven throughout the whole work. He first describes the sublime flight of a *Poet*, soaring above all vulgar bounds, to snatch a *grace* directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer. And afterwards, the *effect* of that *grace* upon the *true Critic*: whom it penetrates with an equal rapidity; going the nearest way to his *heart*, without passing through his *Judgment*. By which is not meant that it could not stand the test of Judgment; but that, as it was a beauty uncommon, and *above rule*, and the Judgment habituated to determine only *by rule*, it makes its direct application to the heart; which once gained, soon opens and enlarges the Judgment, whose concurrence (it being now set above forms) is easily procured. That this is the poet's sublime conception appears from the concluding words:

and all its end at once attains.

For Poetry doth not attain *all its end*, till it hath gained the *Judgment* as well as *Heart*.

May boldly deviate from the common track;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160
 But tho' the Antients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 159. *Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend, etc.*
 He describes next the *second sort*, the beauties against rule. And even here, as he observes (from v 158 to 169.) the offense is so glorious, and the fault so sublime, that the *true Critic* will not dare either to censure or reform them. Yet still the *Poet* is never to abandon himself to his Imagination: the rules our author lays down for his conduct in this respect, are these: 1. That though he transgress the *letter* of some *one particular* precept, yet that he still adhere to the end or *spirit* of them *all*, which end is the creation of *one uniform perfect whole*. And 2. That he have, in each instance, the authority of the *dispensing* power of the Ancients to plead for him. These rules observed, this licence will be *seldom* used, and only when he is *compelled by need*: which will disarm the Critic, and screen the transgressor from his laws.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *I know there are, etc.*) But as some modern Critics have had the presumption to say, that this last rule is only justifying one fault by another, our author goes on (from v 168 to 181.) to vindicate the *Ancients*; and to shew that this censure proceeds from rank Ignorance. As where their *partial* Judgment cannot see that this licence is sometimes necessary for the symmetry and proportion of a perfect whole, from the point, and in the light wherein it must be viewed: or, where their hasty judgment will not give them time to observe, that a deviation from rule is for the sake of attaining some great and admirable purpose. — These observations are further useful, as they tend to give modern Critics an humbler opinion of their own abilities, and an higher of the Authors they undertake to criticize. On which account he concludes with a fine reproof of that common proverb perpetually in the mouths of Critics, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; misunderstanding the sense of Horace, and taking *quandoque* for *aliquando*:

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it *Homer nods*, but we that dream.

NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*) Οἷόν τι ποιεῖσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων — Dion. Hal. Destruct. orat.

Those oft are startagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 186
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 181. *Still green with bays, etc.*) But now fired with the name of *Homer*, and transported with the contemplation of those beauties which a cold Critic can neither see nor conceive, the Poet (from v 180 to 201.) breaks into a rapturous exclamation on the rare felicity of those few Ancients, who have risen superior over time and accidents: And, as it were disdaining any longer to *reason* with his Critics, offers this to them as the surest confutation of their censures. Then with the *humility* of a suppliant at the shrine of Immortals, and the *sublimity* of a Poet participating of their fire, he turns again to these ancient worthies, and apostrophises their manes:

Hail, Bards triumphant! etc.

NOTES.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*) „*Modeste, & circumspetto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. Quint. P.*

VER. 183. *Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage, Destructive war, and all-involving age.*) The Poet here alludes to the four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient writings: The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by fire; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus* and *Mavins* and their followers against Wit; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the empire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Superstition in the *cloisters*.

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire.
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200
 Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 200. *T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!*) This line concludes the first division of the Poem; in which we see the *subject* of the first and second part, and likewise the connexion they have with one another. It serves likewise to introduce the second. The effect of studying the *Ancients*, as hitherto recommended, would be the *admiration of their superior sense*; which, if it will not of itself dispose *Moderns* to a *diffidence of their own* (one of the great uses, as well as natural fruits of that study) the poet, to help forward their modesty, in his second part shews them (in a regular deduction of the *causes and effects of wrong Judgment*) their own bright image and amiable turn of mind.

VER. 201. *Of all the causes, etc.*) Having, in the first part, delivered *Rules for perfecting the Art of Criticism*, the second is employ'd in explaining the *Impediments* to it. The order of the two parts was well judged. For the causes of wrong Judgment being *Pride, superficial Learning, a bounded Capacity and Partiality*; They to whom this part is principally address'd, would not readily be brought either to see the malignity of the *causes*, or to own themselves concerned in the *effects*, had not the Author previously both enlightened and convicted them, by the foregoing observations, on the *vastness of Art, and narrowness of Wit*; the

"What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 "Is PRIDE, the nev'r-failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find

COMMENTARY.

extensive study of human Nature and Antiquity; and the Characters of ancient Poetry and Criticism; the natural remedies to the four epidemic disorders he is now endeavouring to redress.

Ibid. *Of all the causes, etc.*) The first cause of wrong Judgment is PRIDE. He judiciously begins with it, (from v 200 to 215.) as on other accounts, so on this, that is it the very thing which gives modern Criticism its character; whose complexion is *abuse and censure*. He calls it the vice of *Fools*; by which are not meant those to Whom Nature has given no Judgment (for he is here speaking of what misleads the Judgment) but those in whom education and study has made no improvement; as appears from the happy similitude of an *ill-nourished body*; where the same words which express the *cause*, express likewise the *nature* of pride:

For as in bodies, thus in souls we find,

What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.

'Tis the business of reason, he tells us, to dispel the *cloud* which pride throws over the mind: But the mischief is that the rays of reason diverted by self-love, sometimes *gild* this *cloud*, instead of *dissipating* it: So that the Judgment by false lights reflected back upon itself, is still apt to be a little dazzled, and to mistake its object. He therefore advises to call in still more helps:

Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,

Make use of ev'ry Friend - and ev'ry Foe,

Both the *beginning* and *conclusion* of this precept are remarkable. The question is of the means to subdue Pride: He directs the Critic to begin with a *distrust of himself*; and this is *Modesty*, the *first* mortification of Pride: And then to seek the assistance of others and *make use even of an Enemy*; and this is *Humility*, the *last* mortification of Pride: For when a man can once bring himself to submit to profit by an enemy, he has either already quite subdued his Vanity, or is in a fair way of so doing.

What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe,
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing; 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 215. *A little learning, etc.*) We must here remark the Poet's skill in his disposition of the *causes* obstructing true Judgment. Each *general cause* which is laid down first, has its own *particular cause* in that which follows. Thus, the *second* cause of wrong Judgment, SUPERFICIAL LEARNING, is what occasions that critical *Pride*, which he makes the first.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, etc.*) Nature and Learning are the pole stars of all true Criticism: But *Pride* obstructs the view of Nature; and a *smattering of letters* makes us insensible of our Ignorance. To avoid this ridiculous situation, the poet (from 214 to 233.) advises, either to drink deep, or not at all; for the least taste at this fountain is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are so great that a young author, „Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy,“ and ambitious to snatch a palm from Rome, engages in an undertaking like that of Hannibal: Finely illustrated by the similitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating thro' the Alps.

NOTES.

VER. 209. *Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence, And fills up all the mighty void of sense.*) A very sensible French writer makes the following remark on this species of *pride*. „Un homme qui sçait plusieurs langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs & Latins, qui s'élève même jusqu'à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; si cet homme venoit à peser son véritable mérite, il trouveroit souvent qu'il se réduit à avoir eu des yeux & de la mémoire, il

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
 The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
 The less'ning vales and seems to tread the skies.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.* The third cause of wrong judgment is a NARROW CAPACITY; the natural and certain cause of the foregoing defect, *acquiescence in superficial learning.*

NOTES.

se garderoit bien de donner le nom respectable de science à une *expedition sans lumiere*. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choses, entre alleguer des autorités, ou des raisons. Si un homme pouvoit se surprendre à n'avoir que cette sorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plutôt que d'en être vain.

Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind
 Nor lose, for that magignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenuor keep;

COMMENTARY.

This *bounded Capacity* the poet shews (from 232 to 384.) betrays itself two ways; in it's judgment both of the *matter*, and *manner* of the work criticised: Of the matter in judging *by parts*; or in having one *favourite part* to a neglect of all the rest: Of the manner, in confining the regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*. This is our Poet's order; and we shall follow him as it leads us; only just observing one great beauty which runs thro' this part of the poem; it is, that under each of these heads of *wrong* Judgment, he has intermixed excellent precepts for *right*. We shall take notice of them as they occur.

He exposes the folly of judging by parts very artfully, not by a direct description of that sort of Critic, but of his opposite, *a perfect Judge*, etc. Nor is the elegance of this conversion inferior to the art of it; for as, in *poetic style*, one word or figure is still put for another, in order to catch new lights from different images, and to reflected them back upon the subject in hand, so, in *poetic matter*, one person or thing may be advantageously employed for another, with the same elegance of representation. It is observable, that our Author makes it almost the necessary consequence of judging *by parts*, to find fault: And this not without much discernment: For the several *parts* of a compleat *whole* when *seen only singly*, and *known only independently*, must allways have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: Because the Poet's design being to *create* a resultive beauty from the artful assemblage of several various *parts* into one natural *whole*; those parts must be fashioned with regard to their mutual relations in the stations they occupy in that whole, from whence the beauty required is to arise. But that regard will occasion so unreducible a form in each part, when *considered singly*, as to present a very mis-shapen appearance.

We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
 "Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprize,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No-monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

NOTES.

VER. 248. *The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*
The Pantheon. There is something very Gothic in the taste and judgment of a learned man, who despises this master-piece of art for those very qualities which deserve our admiration. . . .
 „Nous esmerveillons comme l'on fait si grand cas de ce Pantheon,
 „veu que son edifice n'est de si grande industrie comme l'on crie:
 „car chaque petit Masson peut bien concevoir la maniere de sa
 „façon tout en un instant: car estant la base si massive, & les
 „murailles si espaisées, ne nous a semblé difficile d'y adjouster la
 „voute a claire voye.„ *Pierre Belon's observations, etc.* The nature of the Gothic Structures apparently led him into this mistake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it consisted in raising the greatest weight on the least assignable support, so that the edifice should have strength without the appearance of the it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye it would have a contrary effect, the *Appearance* (as our poet expresses it) of a monstrous height or breadth, or length. Indeed did the just proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of building, by all the single parts coming united to eye, as this learned traveller seems to insinuate, it would be a reasonable objection to those rules on which this Master-piece of Art was constructed. But it is not so. The Poet tells us,

The Whole at once is BOLD and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,* He shews next (from v 252 to 263) that to fix our censure on *single parts*, tho' they happen to *want* an exactness consistent enough with their relation to the rest, is even then very unjust: And for these reasons. 1. Because it implies an expectation of a *faultless piece*, which is a vain imagination. 2. Because no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end*: But the end may be attained, and yet these trivial faults committed: Therefore, in spite of such faults, the work will merit that praise that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Because sometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemish to be avoided, but by suffering one of these minute and trivial errors. 4. And lastly, because the general *neglect* of them is a *praise*; as it is the indication of a *Genius*, - busied about greater matters.

VER. 263. Most Critics fond of some subservient art, etc.) II. The *second* way in which a *narrow capacity*, as it relates to the *matter*, shews itself, is judging by a *favorite Part*. The author has placed this (from v 262 to 285.) after the other of judging *by parts*, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural consequence of it. For when Men have once left the whole to turn their attention to the *separate parts*, that regard and reverence due only to a *whole* is fondly transferred to one or other of its *parts*. And thus we see that Heroes themselves as well as Heromakers, even *Kings* as well as Poets and Critics, when they chance never to have had, or long to have lost the idea of that which is the

Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage;
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270

COMMENTARY.

only legitimate object of their office, the care and conservation of the *whole*, are wont to devote themselves to the service of some favourite part, whether it be love of money, military glory, despotic power, etc. *And all*, as our Author says on this occasion, to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

This general misconduct much recommends that maxim in good Poetry and Politics, to give a principal attention to the whole; a maxim which our author has elsewhere shewn to be equally true likewise in *Morals* and *Religion*; as being founded in the order of things: For, if we examine, we shall find the misconduct to arise from this imbecility of our nature, that the mind must always have something to rest upon, to which the passions and affections may be interestingly directed. Nature prompts us to seek it in the most worthy object; and common sense points out to a *Whole* or *System*: But Ignorance, and the false lights of the Passions, confound and dazzle us; we stop short, and before we get to a *Whole*, take up with some *Part*; which from thence becomes our Favourite.

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, etc.*) This tale is so very opposite, that one would naturally take it to be of the Poet's own invention; and so much in the spirit of *Cervantes*, that we might easily mistake it for one of the chief strokes of that incomparable Satire. Yet, in truth, it is neither; but a story taken by our Author from the *spurious Don Quixote*; which shews how proper an use may be made of general reading, when if there is but one good thing in a book (as in that wretched performance there scarce was more) it may be pick'd out, and employ'd to an excellent purpose.

Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 "What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280
 "Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a rage)
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage,,"
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
 "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
 Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 285. Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice
 From short Ideas, etc.)

2. He concludes his observation on those two sorts of judges by parts, with this general reflexion. — The *curious not knowing* are the first sort, who judge by parts, and with a microscopic sight (as he says elsewhere) *examine bit by bit*: The *not exact but nice*, are the second, who judge by a favourite part, and talk of a whole to cover their fondness for a part, as Philosophers do of principles, in order to obtrude notions and opinions in their stead. But the fate common to both is, to be governed by caprice and not by judgment, and consequently, to form short ideas, or to have ideas short of truth: Tho' the latter sort, thro' a fondness to their favourite part, imagine that it comprehends the whole in epitome: As the famous Hero of *La Mancha*, mentioned just before, used to maintain, that *Knight-Errantry* comprised within itself the quintessence of all Science, civil, military and religious.

NOTES.

VER. 285. Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice.) In these two lines

Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290

COMMENTARY.

VER. 289. *Some to conceit alone, etc.*) We come now to that second sort of *bounded capacity*, which betrays itself in it's judgment on the *manner* of the work criticised. And this our Author prosecutes from v 288 to 384. These are again subdivided into divers classes.

Ibid. *Some to conceit alone, etc.*) The first (from v 288 to 305.) are those, who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*. And here again the Critic *by parts*, offends doubly in the *manner*, just as he did in the *matter*: For he not only confines his attention to a *part*, when it should be extended to the *whole*; but he likewise judges *falsely* of that *part*. And this, as the other, is unavoidable, the *parts* in the *manner* bearing the same close relation to the *whole*, that the *parts* in the *matter* do; to which *whole* the ideas of this Critic have never yet extended. Hence it is, that our Author, speaking here of those who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*, describes the two species of *true* and *false Wit*; because they not only mistake a *wrong disposition* of *true Wit* for a *right*, but likewise *false Wit* for *true*: He describes false Wit first, from v 288 to 297.

Some to conceit alone, etc.

NOTES.

the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *Judgment* generally draws men out of popular opinions, so he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its uselessness the world least regards. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in the whole: But he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a busying one's self about points and syllables.

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,

COMMENTARY.

Where the reader may observe our Author's skill in representing, in a description of *false Wit*, the false disposition of the *true*, as the Critics *by parts* is apt to fall into both these errors.

He next describes *true Wit*, from 296 to 305.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.

And here again the reader may observe the same beauty, not only an explanation of *true Wit*, but likewise of the *right disposition* of it; which the poet illustrates, as he did the *wrong*, by ideas taken from the art of painting.

NOTES.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*) This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined *Wit* to consist „in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with „quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance „or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.„ But that great Philosopher, in separating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of *Wit* in general: In which false *Wit*, though not every species of it, is included. A striking Image therefore of Nature is, as Mr. Locke observes, certainly *Wit*: But this image may strike on several other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *beauty*; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit* which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it dresses that Nature to advantage, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable Test, *viz.* When we perceive that it gives us back the image of our mind. When it does that, we may be

« What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
 « Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 « That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
 Others for *Language* all their care express, 305
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 305. (*Others of Language, etc.*) He proceeds secondly to those narrow-minded Critics, whose Whole concern turns upon *Language*, and shews from 304 to 337.) that this quality, where it holds the principal place, *deserves no commendation*. 1. Because it excludes qualities more essential. And when the abounding Verbiage has excluded the sense, the writer has nothing to do but to gild over the defect, by giving his words all the false colouring in his power. 2. He shews, that the Critic who busies himself with quality alone, is altogether *unable to make a right Judgment* of it; because *true Expression* is only the dress of thought; and so must be perpetually varied according to the subject, and manner of thinking. But those who never concern themselves with the *Sense*, can form no judgment of the correspondence between *that* and the *Language*:

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent as more suitable, etc.

Now as these Critics are ignorant of this correspondence, their whole judgment in *Language* is reduced to the examination of *single words*; and often, such as are most to his taste, are those that smack most of Antiquity: On which our Author has therefore bestowed a little railery; concluding with a short and proper direction concerning the *use of words*, so far as regards their *novelty* and *ancientry*.

NOTES.

sure it plays no tricks with us: For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment*; and whenever *Wit* corresponds with *Judgment*, we may safely pronounce it to be *true*.

„Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.,, *Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.*

Their praise is still,—the Style is excellent:
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun, 315
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For different styles with different subjects fort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326

NOTES.

VER. 311. *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, etc.*) This simile is beautiful. For the false colouring, given to objects by the prismatic glass, is owing to its untwisting, by its *obliquities*, those threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to spread over its works an ingenious and simple *candour*, that should not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *false Eloquence* is nothing else but the straining and *divaricating* the parts of *true expression*, and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term COLOURS; in lieu of that candid light, now lost, which was reflected from them in their natural state while sincere and entire.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*) „Abolita & abrogata „retinere, insolentia cuiusdam est, & frivola in parvis iactantia., „*Quintil. lib. i. c. 6.*

Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But, most by Numbers judge, etc.*) The last sort are those (from v 336 to 384.) whose ears are attached only to the *Harmony* of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perversely as the other sort did of *Eloquence*; and for the very same reason. He *first* describes that *false Harmony* with which they are so much captivated; and shews, that is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried*: For

Smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
 He then describes the *true*. 1. As it is in *itself*, *constant*; with a happy mixture of *strength* and *sweetness*, in contradiction to the *roughness* and *flatness* of false Harmony: And 2. as it is *varied* in compliance to the *subject*, where the *sound becomes an echo to the sense*, so far as is consistent with the preservation of numbers; in contradiction to the *monotony* of false Harmony: Of this he gives us, in the delivery of his precepts, four fine examples of *smooth-*

NOTES.

„Opus est, ut verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint neque
 „manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis
 „repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas,
 „quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima
 „erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova.,, *Idem.*

VER. 328. — *unlucky as Fungoso, etc.*) See Ben-Johnson's *Every Man in his humour*.

VER. 337. *But most by numbers, etc.*)

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340
 "Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 "Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair"
 "Not for the doctrine but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,

COMMENTARY.

ness, roughness, slowness, and rapidity. The first use of this correspondence of the sound to the sense, is to aid the fancy in acquiring a perfecter and more lively image of the thing represented. A second and nobler, is to calm and subdue the turbulent and selfish passions, and to raise and warm the beneficent: which he illustrates in the famous adventure of Timotheus and Alexander: where in referring to Mr. Dryden's Ode on that subject, he turns it to a high compliment on that great poet.

NOTES.

Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
 Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
 Effundat junctura unguis: scit tendere versum
 Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Perf. Sat. i.

VER. 345. *Tho' of the ear, etc.)* „Fugiemus crebras vocalium
 „concurfiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem reddunt,
Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quint. lib. ix. c. 4.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid to join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:)*

From Dryden. „He creeps along with ten little words in every
 „line, and helps out his numbers with (for) (to) and (unto)
 „and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left
 „half tired behind it. „ *Essay on Dram. Poetry.*

With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze."
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threat'n'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365

NOTES.

VER. 364. *'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;*
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:) The judicious introductions of this precept is remarkable. The poets, and even some of the best of them, have been so fond of the beauty arising from this trivial precept, that in their practice, they have violated the very *End* of it, which is the increase of *harmony*; and so they could but raise an *Echo*, did not care whose ears they offended by its dissonance. To remedy this abuse therefore, the poet, by the introductory line, would insinuate, that *Harmony* is always presupposed as observed; tho' it may and ought to be perpetually varied, so as to produce the effect here recommended.

VER. 365. *The sound must seem an Echo to the sense,)* Lord Roscommon says,

The sound is still a *comment* to the sense.
 They are both well expressed: only *this* supposes the sense to be assisted by the sound; *that*, the sound assisted by the sense.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move flow: 371
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385

COMMENTARY.

VER. 384. *Avoid Extremes, etc.*) Our Author is now come to the last cause of wrong Judgment, PARTIALITY; the parent of the immediately preceding cause, a bounded capacity: Nothing so

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*)

Tum si læta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. v 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*)

Tum longe sale saxa sonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*)

Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, etc. Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*)

At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc. Vida ib. 420.

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize. 395

COMMENTARY.

much narrowing and contracting the mind as *prejudices* entertained for or against things or persons. This, therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he prosecutes at large from v 383 to 473. First, to v 394. he *previously* exposes that capricious turn of mind, which, by running men into *Extremes*, either of praise or dispraise, lays the *foundation* of an *habitual partiality*. He cautions therefore both against one and the other; and with reason, for excess of *praise* is the mark of a *bad taste*, and excess of *Censure*, of a bad digestion.

VER. 394. *Some foreign writers, etc.*) Having explained the disposition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expose this *partiality* in all the shapes in which it appears both amongst the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is seen, *first*, in an unreasonable fondness for, or aversion to our *own* or *foreign*, to *ancient*, or *modern* writers. And as it is the *mob* of unlearned readers he is here speaking of, he exposes their folly in a very apposite similitude:

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.

But he shews (from v 397 to 408.) that these Critics have as wrong a notion of *Reason* as those Bigots have of *God*: For that *Genius* is not confined to times or climates; but, as the common gift of Nature, is extended throughout all ages and countries: That indeed this intellectual light, like the material light of the sun itself, may not shine at all times; and in every place, with equal splendor; but be sometimes clouded with *popular ignorance*,

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405

"Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
 "But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town;

COMMENTARY.

and sometimes again eclipsed by the discountenance of *Princes*; yet it shall still recover itself; and, by breaking thro' the strongest of these impediments, manifest the eternity of its nature.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own.*) A second instance of *unlearn'd partiality*, he shews (from v 407 to 424.) is mens going always along with the cry, as having no fixed or well grounded principles whereon to raise any judgment of their own. A third is reverence for *names*; of which sort, as he well observes, the worst and vilest are the idolizers of *names of quality*; whom therefore he stigmatizes as they deserve. Our author's temper as well as judgment is here very observable, in throwing this species of partiality amongst the *unlearned* Critics: His affection for letters would not suffer him to conceive, that any *learned* Critic could ever fall to so low a prostitution.

NOTES.

VER. 402. *Which from the first, etc.*) *Genius* is the same in all ages, but its fruits are various; and more or less excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of Government or Religion upon them. Hence in some parts of Literature the Ancients excell; in others the Moderns; just as those accidental circumstances influenced them.

They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality. 415
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425

COMMENTARY.

VER. 424. — The Vulgar thus — As oft the Learn'd —) II. He comes in the *second place* (from v 423 to 452.) to consider the instances of *partiality* in the *learned*. I. The *first* is *singularity*. For as want of principles, in the *unlearned*, necessitates them to rest on the general judgment as *always right*: so adherence to false principles (that is, to *notions of their own*) misleads the *learned* into the other extreme, of supposing the general judgment *always wrong*. And as, before, the Poet compared *those* to *Bigots*, who made true faith to consist in believing after others; so he compares *these* to *schismatics*, who make it to consist in believing as no one ever believed before. Which folly he marks with a lively stroke of humour in the *turn* of the thought:

So schismatics the plain believers quit

And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

2. The *second* is *Novelty*. And as this proceeds sometimes from *fondness*, sometimes from *vanity*; he compares the *one* to the *passion for a mistress*; and the *other*, to the *pride of being in fashion*: But the *excuse* common to both is, the *daily improvement of their judgment*.

Ask them the cause, they're wiser still they say.

So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. 439
 Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;

COMMENTARY.

Now as this is a plausible pretence for their inconstancy; and our author has himself afterwards laid down the like thought, in a precept for a remedy against obstinacy and pride, where he says, v 573.

But you with pleasure own your errors past

And make each day a Critique on the last.

he has been careful, by the turn of the expression in this place, to shew the difference. For *Time*, considered only as *duration*, vitiates as frequently as it improves: Therefore to expect wisdom as the necessary attendant of *length of years*, unrelated to *long experience*, is vain and delusive. This he illustrates by a remarkable example; where we see *Time*, instead of becoming *wiser*, destroying *good letters*, to substitute *school divinity* in their place. — The *genius* of which kind of learning; the *character* of its professors; and the *fate*, which, sooner or later, always attends what soever is wrong or false, the poet sums up in those four lines;

Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed, etc.

And in conclusion, he observes, that perhaps this mischief, from love and *novelty*, might not be so great, did it not, with the *Critick*, infect the *Writer* likewise; who, when he finds his readers disposed to take *ready Wit* on the standard of *current Folly*, never troubles himself to make better payment.

Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read:
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd may to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain

COMMENTARY.

VER. 444. *Scotists.*) So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. He suffer'd a miserable reverse of fortune at Oxford in the time of Henry viii. That grave Antiquary Mr. Antony Wood (in the *vindication of himself and his works from the reproaches of the Bishop of Salisbury*) sadly laments the deformation, as he calls it, of that University by the King's Commissioners: and even records the blasphemous speeches of one of them in his own Words — „We have set DUNCE in Boccardo, with all his blind Glossers, „fast nailed up upon posts in all common houses of easement. „Upon which our venerable Antiquary thus exclaims. „ If so be, the Commissioners had such disrespect for that most famous Author. J. Duns, who was so much admired by our predecessors, „and SO DIFFICULT TO BE UNDERSTOOD, that the „Doctors of those times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John „Kynton, Dr. William Mowse etc. professed, that, in twenty eight „years study, they could not understand him rightly, what then „had they for others of inferior note. „ — What indeed! But then, *If so be, that most famous J. Duns* was so difficult to be understood (for that this is a most classical proof of his great value, is past doubt.) I should conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little mistaken. And that the nailing up this *Proreus* was done by the Commissioners in honour of *the most famous Duns*: There being no other way of catching the sense] of so slippery an Author, who had eluded the pursuit of three of their most renowned Doctors, in full cry after him, for twenty eight years together. And this *Boccardo* in which he was confined, seemed very proper for the purpose, it being observed, [that men are never more serious and thoughtful than in that place.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Thomists.) From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great Genius who was, in those blind ages, the same in Theology, that Friar Bacon was in natural Philosophy: less happy than our Countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark Glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the

Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445
 If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and v 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakespear's age,
 No more with 'crambo entertain the stage.
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays?
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
 Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
 And authors thought their reputation safe,
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 452. *Some valuing those of their own side or mind, etc.)*
 3. The third and last instance of partiality in the learned, is *Party and Faction*. Which is consider'd from v 451 to 474. where he

NOTES.

radiance of that light which had pierced thro' the thickest night of Monckery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenses* were suppressed, and *Wickliffe* not yet risen.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane.*) A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield.

VER. 450. *And Authors think their reputation safe, which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.)* This is a just and admirable Satire on those we call *Authors in fashion*; for they are the men who get the laugh on their side. He shews, on how pitiful a basis their reputation stands, the changeling disposition of fools to laugh; who are always carried away with the last joke.

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Persons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true:

COMMENTARY.

Shews how men of this turn deceive themselves, when they load a writer of their own side with commendation. They fancy they are paying tribute to *merit*, when they are only sacrificing to *self-love*. But this is not the worst. He further shews, that this *party spirit* has often very ill effects on Science itself; while, in support of *Faction*, it labours to depress some rising Genius, that was, perhaps, raised by nature, to enlighten his age and country. By which he would insinuate, that all the base and viler passions seek refuge, and find support in *party madness*.

NOTES.

VER. 463. *Milbourn.*) The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office. And indeed the attendance of these slaves is necessary to render the triumphs of a great Genius complete. They are of all times, and on all occasions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Ross, Chillingworth had had Cheynel, Milton one *Edwards*, and *Locke*, another *Edwards*; neither of them related to EDWARDS of Lincoln's Inn; They were Divines of parts and learning; This a Critic without either. Yet (as Mr. Pope says of Luke Milbourn) *the fairest of all critics*; for having written against the Editor's remarks on Shakespear, he did him justice in printing at the same time his own.

For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475

COMMENTARY.

VER. 474. *Be thou the first, etc.*) The poet having now gone thro' the last cause of *wrong Judgment*, and root of all the rest, *PARTIALITY*; and ended his remarks upon it with detection of it's two rankest kinds, those which arise out of *partyrage* and *envy*; takes the occasion which this affords him, of closing his *second division* in the most graceful manner, (from v 473 to 560.) by concluding from the premises, and calling upon the *TRUE CRITIC* to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *support* of *Wit*. For, the defence of it from malevolent censure is its true protection; and the illustration of its beauties, is its true support.

NOTES.

VER. 468. *For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, etc.*) This similitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not seek abroad for examples. It is, that frequently those very Authors, who have at first done all they could to obscure and depress a rising genius, have at length, in order to keep themselves in some little credit, been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his splendor. Nor hath the Poet been less artful, to insinuate also what is sometimes the *cause*. A youthful genius, like the sun rising towards the Meridian, displays *too strong and powerful beams* for the dirty genius of inferior writers, which occasions their *gathering, condensing and blackening*. But as he descends from the Meridian (the time when the Sun gives its *gilding* to the surrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

— — ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,

Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd

COMMENTARY.

He first shews, the Critic ought to do this service without delay: And on these motives. 1. *Out of regard to himself*: For there is *some* merit in giving the world notice of an excellence; but *none* at all in pointing, like an Idiot, to that which has been long in the admiration of men. 2. *Out of regard to the Poem*: For the short duration of modern works requires they should begin to *enjoy their existence* early. He compares the life of *modern Wit*, which, in a fleeting dialect, must pass away, and of the *ancient*, which survives in an universal language, to the difference between the Patriarchal age and our own: And observes, that while the ancient writings live for ever, as it were in brass and marble, the modern are but like *Paintings*, which, of how masterly a hand soever, have no sooner gained their requisite perfection by the incorporating, softening and ripening of their tints, which they do in a very few years, but they begin to fade and die away. 3. Lastly, our author shews, that the Critic ought to do this service *out of regard to the Poet*; when he considers the slender dowry the Muse brings along with her: In *youth* 'tis only a short lived vanity; and in *maturer years* an accellion of care and labour, in proportion to the weight of reputation to be sustained, and of the Increase of Envy to be opposed: And concludes his reasoning therefore on this head, with that pathetic and insinuating address to the Critic, from 508 to 524.

Ah! let not learning, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, etc.*) This similitude in which, the poet discovers (as he always does on this

Some bright Idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!
 " Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,
 " Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 " In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 " But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
 " Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
 " That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 " What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 " The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
 " Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 " And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 " Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 " Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505

NOTES.

subject) *real science* in the thing spoken of, has still a more peculiar beauty, as at the same time that it confesses the just superiority of *ancient* writings, it insinuates one advantage the *modern* have above them; which is this, that in these, our more intimate acquaintance with the *occasion of writing*, and the *manners described*, lets us into those living and striking graces which may be well compared to that perfection of imitation only given by colouring: While the ravage of Time amongst the monuments of former ages, hath left us but the gross substance of ancient wit, so much of the form and matter of body only as may be expressed in brass or marble.

" 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
 " By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

 If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards who could excell, 510
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down; 515
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 " Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 " For each ill Author is as bad a Friend. 520
 " To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 " Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.
 " Good-nature and good-sense must ever join; 525
 " To err is human, to forgive, divine,
 But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 527. *But if in noble minds some dregs remain, etc.)* So far as to what ought to be the true Critic's principal study and employment. But if the sour critical humour must needs have vent, he points to its right object; and shews how it may be usefully and innocently diverted. This is very observable; for our

NOTES.

VER. 507. -- *by Knaves undone!)* By which the Poet would insinuate a common but shameful truth, That Men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally left Wit and Science to starve.

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. 530

COMMENTARY.

author makes spleen and disdain the characteristic of the *false Critic*, and yet here supposes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterness and acerbity in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour which we find in them, when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the Sun, and which, without those qualities, would often gain no more by that influence than only a *mellow insipidity*: so spleen and disdain in the true Critic, improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of Judgment and an elegance of Taste: But, lying in the false Critic remote from the influence of good letters, continue in all their first offensive harshness and astringency. The Poet therefore shews how after the exaltation of these qualities into their state of perfection, the very *Dregs* (which, tho' precipitated, may possibly, on some occasions, rise and ferment even in a *noble mind*) may be usefully employed in branding OBSCENITY and IMPIETY. Of these he explains the rise and progress, in a beautiful picture of the different genius's of the reigns of *Charles II.* and *William III.* the former of which gave course to the most *profligate luxury*; the latter to a *licentious impiety*. These are the criminals the poet assigns over to the caustic hand of the Critic, but concludes however, from v 556 to 561. with this necessary admonition, to take care not to be misled into unjust censure; either on the one hand, by a pharisaical *niceness*, or on the other by a consciousness of guilt. And thus the *second division* of his Essay ends. The judicious conduct of which is worthy our observation. The subject of it are the *causes of wrong judgment*: These he derives upwards from *cause to cause*; till he brings them to their source, an *immoral partiality*: For as he had, in the first part,

trac'd the Muses upwards to their spring,
and shewn them to be derived from Heaven, and the Offspring of virtue; so hath he here pursued this enemy of the Muses, the *bad Critic*, to his low original, in the arms of his nursing mother *Immortality*. This order naturally introduces, and at the same time shews the necessity of the subject of the third and last division, which is, on the *Morals of the Critic*.

No pardon vile Obscenity should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But Dulness with Obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love.
 In the far age of pleasure, wealth, and ease, 535
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When love was all an easy Monarch's care;
 Seldom at council, never in a war:
 Jests rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:
 The Fair late panting at a Courtier's play, 541
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following license of a Foreign reign 545
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain,
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their right dispute,

NOTES.

VER. 546. *Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;*) The seeds of this *religious* evil, as well as of the *political* which encouraged it (for all *Revolutions* are in themselves evils; tho' necessary, for the removal of greater) were sown in the preceding far age of pleasure. The mischiefs done during Cromwell's usurpation, by fanaticism; inflamed by erroneous and absurd notions of the doctrine of *grace* and *satisfaction*, made the loyal *Latitudinarian* divines (as they were called) at the Restoration, go so far into the other extreme of resolving all Christianity into *Morality*, as to afford an easy introduction to *Socinianism*: Which in that reign (founded on the principles of Liberty) men had full opportunity of propagating.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever.

Lest God himself should seem too absolute: 550
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 "All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 "As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. 560
 LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to
 show,
 For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 561. *Learn then, etc.*) We enter now on the *third part*, the MORALS of the Critic, included in CANDOUR, MODESTY and GOOD - BREEDING. This third and last part is in two divisions. In the *first* of which (from v 560 to 632.) he inculcates these *morals* by *precepts*. In the *second* (from v 631 the end) by *example*. His *first* precept (from v 562 to 567.) recommends CANDOUR, for its *use to the Critic*, and to the *writer criticised*.

The *second* (from v 566 to 573.) recommends MODESTY, which manifests itself by these four *signs*: 1. Silence, where it doubts,

- Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
2. A seeming diffidence where it knows,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 3. A free confession of error where wrong,
But you with pleasure own your errors past.

NOTES.

VER. 562. *For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.*) The Critic acts in two capacities, of *Assessor* and *Judge*: in the first, *Science* alone is sufficient; but the other requires *morals* likewise.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
 That not alone what to your sense is due 565
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
 Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who if once wrong, will needs be always so: 570
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
 And make each day a Critique on the last.
 'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not, 575
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
 For the worst avarice is that of sense. 580
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

COMMENTARY.

4. And a constant review and scrutiny even of those opinions which it still thinks right:

And make each day a Critique on the last.

The third (from v 572 to 585.) recommends GOOD - BREEDING, which will not force truth dogmatically upon men, as ignorant of it, but gently insinuates it to them, as not sufficiently attentive to it. But as men of breeding are apt to fall into two extremes, he prudently cautions against them. The one is a backwardness in communicating their knowledge, out of a false delicacy, and fear of being thought Pedants: The other, and much more common extreme in men of breeding, is a mean complacence, which such as are worthy of your advice do not want to make it acceptable: for those can best bear reproof in particular points, who best deserve commendation in general.

¶ Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
 ¶ Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
 'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak; 586
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.
 ¶ Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
 ¶ Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull; 590
 ¶ Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,
 ¶ As without learning they can take Degrees.
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 585. (*'Twere well might Critics, etc.*) The Poet having thus recommended; in these general rules of Conduct for the Judgment, the three critical virtues to the heart; shews next (from v 584 to 632.) on what three sort of writers these Virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away, and which is worse; be repay'd with obloquy and slander. These are the *false Critic*, the *dull Man of Quality*, and the *bad Poet*; each of which *incorrigible* writers he hath very justly and exactly characterized. But having drawn the last of them at large, and being always attentive to his main subject, which is, of *writing and judging well*, he re-assumes the character of the *bad-Critic* (whom he had but touched upon before) to contrast him with the other; and makes the *characteristic* common to both, to be a neverceasing *Repetition* of their own impertinence.

The Poet — still runs on in a raging vain, etc. v 607 etc.

The Critic — with his own tongue still edifies his ears, 615 etc.

NOTES.

VER. 587. (*And stares tremendous, etc.*) This picture was taken to himself by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in v 270. he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *Abuse of his Person*.

Whom, when they praise, the World believes no
more,

Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,

And charitably let the dull be vain:

Your silence there is better than your spite,

For who can rail so long as they can write? 600

Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,

And lafh'd fo long, like tops, are lafh'd afleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,

As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.

What crouds of these, impenitently bold, 605

In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,

Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,

Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,

Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,

And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence. 610

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true.

There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,

With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears, 615

And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads affails,

From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales.

With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;

Garth did not write his own Dispensary. . 620

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*) A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevail'd; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.

Nay shew'd his faults — but when would Poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
 Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead; 625
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside, 630
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
 "But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 "Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?"

VARIATIONS.

VER. 624. Between this and v 625.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly:
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 632. *But where's the man, etc.*) The second division of his last part which we now come to, is of the Morals of Critics by *example*. For, having there drawn a picture of the *false Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apostrophe, containing an exact and finished character of the *true*, which, at the same time, serves for an easy and proper introduction to *this second division*. For having asked (from v 631 to 644.) *Where's the man, etc.*) He answers, (from v 643 to 682.) That he was to be found in the happier ages of Greece and Rome; in the persons of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, *Dionysius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. Whose Characters he has not only exactly drawn, but contrasted them with a peculiar elegance; the profound science and logical method of *Aristotle* being opposed to the plain common sense of *Horace*, conveyed in a natural and familiar negligence; the study and refinement of *Dionysius*, to the gay and courtly ease of *Petronius*; and the gravity and minuteness of *Quintilian* to the vivacity and general topics of *Longinus*. Nor has the Poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several critical

« Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 « Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; 635
 « Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;
 « Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
 « Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 « And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 « Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd; 640
 « A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 « Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 « And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew. 645
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;

VARIATIONS.

Between v 647 and 648. I found the following lines, since suppress'd by the author:

COMMENTARY.

Virtues he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus in *Horace* he particularizes his *Candour*, in *Petronius* his *Good Breeding*, in *Quintilian* his *free and copious Instruction*, and in *Longinus* his *great and noble Spirit*. — By this question and answer we see, he does not encourage us to search for the true Critic amongst modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made would be but an invidious business. I will venture no farther than to name the piece of Criticism in which these marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, & ejusd. Ep. ad Aug. with an English Commentary and Notes.*

VER. 643. *With REASON on his side?*) Not only on his side, but actually exercised in the service of his profession. That Critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he has found out the excellencies of his author, contents himself in offering them to the world, with only empty exclamations on their beauties. His office is to explain the nature of those beauties, shew from whence they arise, and what effects they produce; or, in the better and fuller expression of the Poet,

To teach the world with Reason to admire.

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free, 650
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense, 655
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,

VARIATIONS.

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
 Whose first discov'ry's not exceeded yet.
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
 He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,
 Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:
 Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
 A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
 Poets, etc.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 653. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*
 By this is not meant *physical* Nature, but *moral*. The force of
 the observation consists in our understanding in this sense. For
 the Poet not only uses the word, *Nature* for *human nature*, through-
 out this poem; but also, where, in the beginning of it, he lays
 down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the know-
 ledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticism* and *Poetry*.
 Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For, *Aristotle's*
natural enquiries were superficial, and ill made, tho' extensive:
 But his *logical* and *moral* works are incomparable. In these he
 has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the recesses of
 the heart and understanding; and by his *Categories*, not only con-
 quered Nature, but kept her in *tenfold* Chains: Not as *Dulness*
 kept the Muses, in the *Dunciad*, to silence them; but as *Aristæus*
 held *Proteus* in *Virgil*, to deliver Oracles.

Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ. 659
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations
 By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations. 665

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find 670
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command. 675

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
 An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws; 680
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
 License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 666. *See Dionysius.*) Of Halicarnassus.

VER. 682. *Thus long succeeding Critics, etc.*) The next period in which the true Critic (he tells us) appear'd, was at the revival and restoration of letters in the West. This occasions his giving a short history (from v 683 to 710.) of the decline and re-establishment of arts and sciences in Italy. He shews that they both fell under the same enemy, *despotic power*; and that when

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew; 685
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood, 690
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
 At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,

VARIATIONS.

Between v 691 and 692. the author omitted these two,
 Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
 When none but Saints had license to be proud.

COMMENTARY.

both had made some little efforts to restore themselves, they were soon again overwhelmed by a *second deluge* of another kind, *Superstition*; and a calm of Dulness finish'd upon Rome and Letters what the rage of Barbarism had begun:

A second deluge learning thus o'er-run

And the *Monk* finish'd what the *Goth* begun.

When things had been long in this condition, and all recovery now appear'd desperate, it was a CRITIC, our Author shews us for the honour of the *Art* he here teaches, who at length broke the charm of Dulness, dissipated the enchantment, and, like another *Hercules*, drove those cowl'd and hooded serpents from the *Hesperian* tree of knowledge, which they had so long guarded from human approach.

NOTES.

VER, 694. *At length Erasmus, etc.*) Nothing can be more artful than the application of this *example*; or more happy than the turn of compliment to this admirable man. To throw glory quite round his illustrious character, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that *Leo* was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate.

(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!) 695
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
 Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread, 700
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
 Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. 705
 Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
 The Poet's bays and Critics ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame! 709

COMMENTARY.

VER. 698. *But see, each Muse in Leo's golden days!*) This presents us with the *second period* in which the *true Critic* appear'd; of whom he has given us a perfect *idea* in the single example of *Marcus Hieronymus Vida*: For his *subject* being *poetical Criticism*, for the use principally of a *critical Poet*; his *example* is an *eminent poetical Critic*, who had written of that Art in verse.

NOTES.

VER. 695. *The glory of the Priesthood and the shame!*) Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the glory of the Priesthood as well as of a Christian in general, where, comparing himself to *Erasmus*, he says,

In MODERATION placing all my glory,
 and consequently, what he esteems to be the *shame* of it. The whole of this character belong'd most eminently and almost solely

IMITATIONS.

VER. 709. *As next in place to Mantua,*) He alludes to
Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ. Virg.

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
 Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 710. *But soon by impious arms, etc.*) This brings us to the third period, after learning had travelled still farther West; when the arms of the Emperor, in the sack of Rome by the Duke of Bourbon, had driven it out of Italy, and forced it to pass the Mountains. — The Examples he gives in this period, are of Boileau in France, and of the Lord Roscommon and the Duke of Buckingham in England: And these were all Poets, as well as Critics in verse. It is true, the last instance is of one who was no eminent poet, the late Mr. Walsby. This small deviation might be well overlooked, was it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his Friend. But it may be farther justified as it was an homage paid in particular to the MORALS of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent person. He being our Author's Judge and Censor, as well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add himself to the number of the latter Critics; and with a character of his own genius and temper, sustained by that modesty and dignity which it is so difficult to make consistent, this performance concludes.

I have given a short and plain account of the *Essay on Criticism*, concerning which I have but one thing more to acquaint the reader: That when he considers the regularity of the plan, the masterly conduct of each part, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning, so conspicuous throughout, he should at the same time know, it was the work of an Author, who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

NOTES.

to Erasmus: For the other Reformers, such as Luther, Calvin, and their followers, understood so little, in what true Christian Liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed Churches, that very spirit of persecution, which had driven them from the Church of Rome.

And Boileau still in right of Horace sways. 715

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,

And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd ;

Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,

We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the founder few 720

Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,

Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,

And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,

"Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well.,, 725

COMMENTARY.

VER. 724. *Such was the Muse —* } *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth in the first Edition of his *Dispensary* says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,

But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England-Party, yet an Enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

The Muse's friend,

Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate

True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

Abs. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy, he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
 Such late was Walfh — the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 731
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give : 735
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries : 739
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
 " Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
 " Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
 " Averse alike to flatter, or offend ;
 " Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend. 745



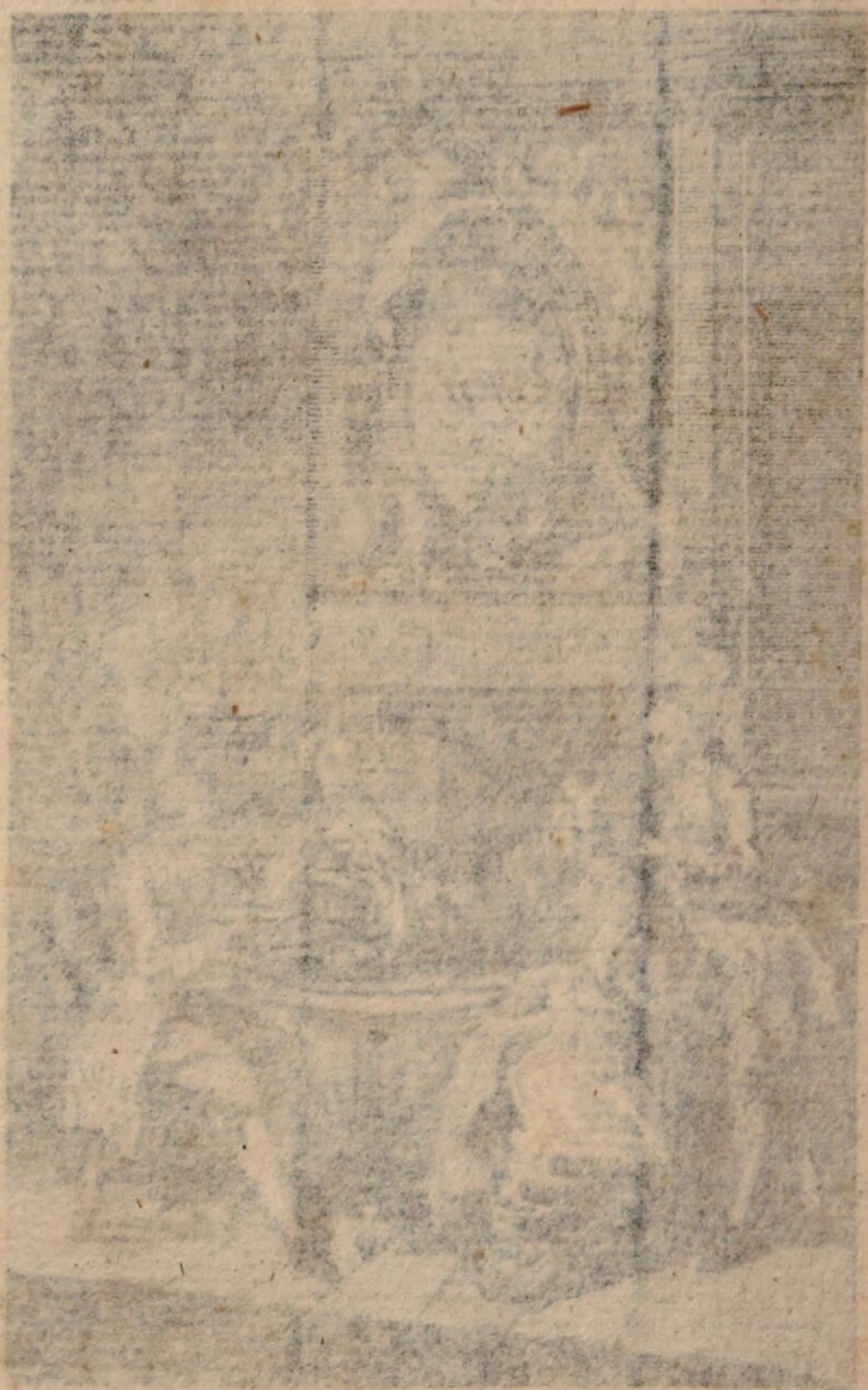
Such was Robinson, not more learn'd than young,
 Whom numbers render'd to the world's regard;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every nation's worth, and his own.
 Such was the Whig, whose sense and judgment
 With justice knew to blame or to commend;
 To things wild, but necessary for debate,
 The clearest head, and the most placid heart;
 His humane spirit, his temperate shade, his
 This point at least a general truth may give:
 His mind, which early voice you taught to sing,
 Exalted her heights, and print'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 Nor in low numbers their excursions tries;
 Content, if henceforth they want any view,
 The learned reflect on what before they knew;
 A taste of reason, not too fond of taste;
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
 As like to flatter, or offend;
 Not less from faults, nor yet too vain to boast.

The first of these is the most common, and the most dangerous. It is a kind of indolence, which makes a man content with what he has, and not seek for more. It is a kind of laziness, which makes a man not care to improve himself. It is a kind of pride, which makes a man think himself above all others. It is a kind of envy, which makes a man hate all who are better than he. It is a kind of avarice, which makes a man love his money more than his soul. It is a kind of gluttony, which makes a man eat and drink more than he needs. It is a kind of sloth, which makes a man do nothing but what he must. It is a kind of idleness, which makes a man waste his time in vain. It is a kind of folly, which makes a man do what he should not. It is a kind of madness, which makes a man do what he cannot. It is a kind of death, which makes a man live no more.

The second of these is the most common, and the most dangerous. It is a kind of indolence, which makes a man content with what he has, and not seek for more. It is a kind of laziness, which makes a man not care to improve himself. It is a kind of pride, which makes a man think himself above all others. It is a kind of envy, which makes a man hate all who are better than he. It is a kind of avarice, which makes a man love his money more than his soul. It is a kind of gluttony, which makes a man eat and drink more than he needs. It is a kind of sloth, which makes a man do nothing but what he must. It is a kind of idleness, which makes a man waste his time in vain. It is a kind of folly, which makes a man do what he should not. It is a kind of madness, which makes a man do what he cannot. It is a kind of death, which makes a man live no more.

*Kauke fec.*

*This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name.
Rape of the Lock.*



View of the Lake of Geneva from the
Château de St. Pierre

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

AN
HEROI - COMICAL.

P O E M.

Written in the Year MDCCXII.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN

HEROIC-COMICAL

P O E M.

Written in the Year 1709.

R 4

TO
Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet You may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Book-seller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle

Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

Mart.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

a) It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Salomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711. in two Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well,

156 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed

that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant I. v 19, etc. P.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first Editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,

And lodge such daring Souls in little Men?

VER. 13, etc. Stood thus in the first Edition,

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,

And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:

Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,

And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take:

Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,

And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Her Guardian Sylph*) When Mr. Pope had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it

NOTES.

with its Machinery. For as the subject of the Epic Poem consists of two parts, the *metaphysical* and the *civil*, so this mock epic, which is of the satiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous imitation of the other's pomp and solemnity, was to have the same division of the subject, And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debased by the choice of an insignificant action: so should the *metaphysical*, by the use of some very extravagant system. A rule, which tho' neither Boileau nor Garth have been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good sense would not suffer him to overlook. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one System in all nature which was to his purpose, the *Rosicrucian Philosophy*; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he presently seized upon. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a kind of Theological-Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala; a composition enough to fright Reason from human commerce. This general system, he tells us; he took as he found it in a little French tract called, *Le Comte de Gabalis*. This book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery of the Abbe Villiers, upon that invisible sect, of which the stories that went about at that time, made a great deal of noise at Paris. But, as in this satirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has with great judgment omitted them; and in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the *Rosicrucian System*. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines,

If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the *nurse*, and all the *priest* have taught.

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock Epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd;
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
 The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,

NOTES.

VER. 22. *Belinda still, etc.*) All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*) He here forsakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when

And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire :
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea,
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :

NOTES.

the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy ; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

VER. 68. *Is by some Sylph embrac'd :*) Here again the Author resumes a tenet peculiar to the Rosicrucian system. But the principle, on which it is founded, was by no means fit to be employed in such a sort of poem.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54. 55.

Quæ gratia currum
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Virg. Æn. vi.

For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 "What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 "In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 "Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 "The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 "When kind occasion prompts their warm desires, 75
 "When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 "'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 "Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall 95

IMITATIONS.

VER. 78. *Tho' honour is the word with Men below.*) Parody
 of Homer.

VER. 79. *too conscious of their face,*) i. e. too sensible of
 their beauty.

To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend; 110
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear Mirror*) The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc.

VER. 113. *This to disclose, etc.*) There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn seal of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation, that is to say, her *Dreams*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspide cuspis, etc.

Stat.

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 long, 115
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his
 tongue.

'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures open at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear; 130
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux,
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 163

The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs, etc.* Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Gen. vi. 2.



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th'etherial plain
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her
shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom*) From hence the poem continues in the first Edition, to v. 46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;
all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love — to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, nearly gilt.
There lay three graters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 25. *With hairy springes*) In allusion to Anacreons manner.

VER. 28. *with a single hair*) In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

And tho' it be a two-foot Trout,

'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

166 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The pow'r's gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air. 46

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

He summons straits his Denizens of air; 55
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,

Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies, 65
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,

While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70

His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'r's gave ear,* Virg. *Æn.* xi.

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd 75
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main, 85
Or o'er the glebe distill the kindly rain.

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;

NOTES.

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*) The Poet was so judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He intended it for a mere piece of raillery; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion.

Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rise
With that which follow'd Julius to the skies
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well
How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell.

168 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball; 109
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock; 115
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th'important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
And guard the wide circumference around.

NOTES.

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, ecc.)* The disaster, which makes the subject of his poem, being a *trifle*, taken *seriously*; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. — *clypei dominus septem plicis Ajax.* Ovid.

VER. 121. *about the silver bound)* In allusion to the shield of Achilles.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins, 125
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r:
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend:
 Some third the mazy ringlets of her hair:
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

IMITATIONS.

Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,
 With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round,
 In living *Silver* seem'd the waves to roll,
 And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the *ultule*.



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

VARIATIONS.

VER. I. *Close by those meads,*) The first Edition continues from this line to v 24. of this Canto.

VER. II, 12. Originally in the first Edition,
In various talk the cheerful hours they pass,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
 Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And parti-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
 The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
 Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were. 46

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*) All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first Edition, till v 105. which connected thus,
 Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.

Now move to war her fable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield, 51
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !
 Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ; 65
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades,
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs only, grasps the globe ?

NOTES.

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*) The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intitled, *Scacchia Ludus*.

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace: 75
 Th' embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forlook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
 She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen 95
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
 O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futura,
 Et servere modum, rebus sublata secundis!

174 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste, 111
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. 116
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair! 124

VARIATIONS

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*) From hence, the first Edition continues to v 134.

NOTES.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*) Vide Ovid Metam. viii.

IMITATIONS.

Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallantia; & cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit

(Virg.)

But when to Mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his finger's ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant streams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair:
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel fought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd, 145
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the first edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head,
 First he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
 T'inclose the Lock; then joins it to divide:
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
 From the fair head for ever and for ever. v 154.

All that is between was added afterwards.

176 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd ; 150
 Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head for ever and for ever! 154

Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and fix the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give, 169
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!

NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy substance*) See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*) A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court, and Party-scandal: and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum; laudesque manebunt.

Virg.

What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments like men submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, 'fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

Ille quicque eversus mons est, etc.

Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?

Catull. de com. Berenices.



THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss, 5
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15
 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *For, that sad moment, etc.)* All the lines from hence to the 94th verse that describe the house of Spleen are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,
 While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.
 And continued at the 94th Verse of this Canto.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *At regina gravi, etc.*

Virg. Æn. iv.

Swift on his footy pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this fullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20

Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head. 24

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.

Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons, 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35

Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.

The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades, Or bright as visions of expiring maids.*) The poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified recluses in the Church of Rome, and the exatic visions of their female saints were as much the effects of hypochondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards.

Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
 And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band, 55
 A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r — Hail wayward Queen!
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
 Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.
 A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
 But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*) See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *and there a Goose-pye talks.*) Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.

Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
 Or caus'd suspicion when no foul was rude,
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease, 75
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A Vial next she fills with fainting fears, 85
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day,
 Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90

Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,

182 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays, 115
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the fount of Bow,
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120
 She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*) Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and in truth, one could not well blame him.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd: etc.*) The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's Friend, Dr. Parnell, deserve, for their humour, to be here inserted.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
 Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa:

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 183

(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case;
 And thus broke out — "My Lord, why, what the
 "devil?
 "Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a jest — nay prithee, pox!
 "Give her the hair,, — he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

IMITATIONS.

Tum primum lympba se purgat candida nymphæ,
 Jamque sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
 Hæc stupet explorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pytonissa apparet ad aram
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devota, se pandit India tota,
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista;
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbica pectit;
 Arque Elephas lente, te pectit Lesbica dente;
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei iacet ille coloris.
 Hinc iacet & munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, & epistola suavis amore.
 Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
 Jam reparat risus, iam surgit gratia visus,
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
 Pigmina iam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique salutis,
 Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat & altera normam;
 Et tibi vei Betty, vei nitidissima Lerty!
 Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

184 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again) 131
 Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
 But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew, 135
 Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head, 145
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid;
 By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.* These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery to the end of the Canto.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*) In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, II, i.

Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 155
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these flighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!



THE
R A P E of the L O C K.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.)* A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 9. *Say why are beauties, etc.)*

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain;
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield;
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admired as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford, 11
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;

IMITATIONS.

'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate.
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and deaths inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
 fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 33
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 41
 And base and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage, 45
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage:
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*) From hence the first Edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*) Homer II. xx.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*) It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech.

So spoke — and all the Heroes applauded.

Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day! 52

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey 55
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
"A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
"One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
"Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing — was his last.
"Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65
"Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
"Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown:
"She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
"But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*) These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*) Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in *Odyss.* perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.

VER. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*) The words of a Song in the Opera of *Camilla*.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*)

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis ab'ectus in herbis,

Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

Or. Ep.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
 Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side,
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*) Vid. Homer II. viii. and Virg.
 Æn. xii.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct*) These two lines added for the
 above reason.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*) In imi-
 tation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre, in Homer, II. ii.

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.

Restore de Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,

So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases, 115
And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse - she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:

NOTES.

VER. 114. *Since all things lost*) Vid. Ariosto, Canto xxxiv.

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view) 126

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*) These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem.

NOTES.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*) John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer; who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trahens spatiofo limite crinem
Stella micar. Ovid.

Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye, 145

When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,

And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,

This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,

And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150



E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an
UNFORTUNATE LADY ^{a)}.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15

And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

^{a)} See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compar'd with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto Edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heries shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way) 40
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow 45
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier,

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 "What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 "Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 "And bear about the mockery of woe
 "To midnight dances, and the public show?
 "What tho' no weeping Lowes thy ashes grace,
 "Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 "What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 "Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 "Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 "And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 "There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 "There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 "While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 "The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
 "So peaceful rests without a stone a name,
 "What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 "How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 "To whom related, or by whom begot;
 "A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 "'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! 74
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

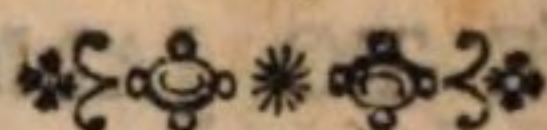
198 PROLOGUE TO CATO.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state; 30
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
 Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such Plays alone should win a British ear, 45
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend:*) Mr. Pope had written it *arise*, in the spirit of Poetry and Liberty; but Mr. Addison frighten'd at so *daring an expression*, which, he thought, squinted at rebellion, would have it alter'd, in the spirit of Prose and Politics, to *attend*.

VER. 46. *As Cato's self, etc.*) This alludes to that famous story of his going into the Theatre, and immediately coming out again.



EPILOGUE
TO
Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Design'd for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this ! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex should mercy find to day !
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
“ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ? ”
But let me die, all raillery apart, 11
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail ;
Such rage without betrays the fire within ;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin ;
Still hoarding up most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice 20
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,

200 EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25
He has a Husband that will make amends:

He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30

Plu - - Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:

Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.

To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?

Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country — but what's that to you? 40

Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:

There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face:

To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;

Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town 49
Come here in crouds and stare the strumpet down.

BERLIN,
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SUPPLEMENT

of some Notes to the first Volume
left out by a mis-understanding of the Printer.

NOTES.

To pag. 13.

VER. 28. *Purple year.*) Purple here used in the Latin sense of the brightest most vivid colouring in general, not of that specific tint so called.

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VER. 8. The art of Terence and Menander's fire;) This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Cæsar:

Tu quoque, tu in summis, o dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri sermonis amator:
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica.

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said — *with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, was, that his Friend had joined, to Terence's art, what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides — *and Menander's fire* is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. He was distinguished for having art and *comic spirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the first part, is called the *half of Menander*.

VER. 9. *Whose sense instructs us.*) He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the trap which weak and prostitute flatterers rarely escape. For, *sense*, he would willingly have said, *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all shamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action.

To pag. 28.

VER. 74. *And grateful clusters, etc.*) The scene is in Windsor-forest; so this image not so exact.

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VER. 98. 100.) There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.

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To pag. 31.

VER. 9. *Shine with silver frost,*) The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would raise is the deformity of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this imagery contradicts it. It should have been — *glare with hoary frost*, or some such expression: the same inaccuracy in v 3, where he uses *pearls*, when he should have said *tears*.

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VER. 13. *Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!*) His Original says, „Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together.„ This is a very noble description of divine grace shed abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Gospel dispensation. And the poet understood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding these, — *The Ethereal Spirit, etc.* The prophet describes this under the image of rain, which chiefly fits the first age of the Gospel: The poet under the idea of dew, which extends it to every age. And it was his purpose it should be so understood, as appears from his expression of *soft silence*, which agrees with the common, not the extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit. The figurative term is wonderfully happy. He who would moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of Bacon, must say, that by the poetical *nectar*, is meant theological grace.

VER. 17. *Ancient fraud,*) i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

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VER. 39. *He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,*) The sense and language shew, that, by *visual ray*, the poet meant the sight, or, as Milton calls it, indeed, something less boldly, the *visual nerve*. And no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the instrument of vision by the name of the cause. But tho' the term be just, nay noble, and even sublime, yet the expression of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, „That when „a figurative word is used, whatsoever is predicated of it ought „not only to agree in terms to the thing, to which the figure is „applied, but likewise to that from which the figure is taken.„ *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely to the sight or eye; and not to that from which it is taken,

NOTES.

namely a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He should have said *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But these inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems.

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VER. 38. *Not proud Olympus, etc.*) Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,

But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.

The comparison is childish, as the taking it from fabulous history destroys the compliment. Our Poet has shewn more judgment: he has made a manly use of as fabulous a circumstance by the artful application of the mythology.

Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear, etc.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windsor-forest to consist in supporting the inhabitants in plenty.



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